THE SORT OF MAN I COULD LOVE by CLARA BOW

Movie Weekly

April 5, 1924

10¢

Why Directors are Jealous of Lubitsch

"All Women are Born Actresses!" says Elsie Ferguson

Barbara La Marr

Photo by RUSSELL BALL

Vol. IV
MOVIE WEEKLY
PRINTED IN U.S.A.
No. 8

OUR NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAM

A Few of the Good Things

◈ ◈ ◈

Why I'm Glad I'm a Ladies' Man.—*By Adolph Menjou.*

The famous screen villain discusses his preference for polished man of the world types rather than those of handsome young heroes.

◈ ◈ ◈

Study the Stars If You Would Be Loved by Men.

An absorbing analysis of why the movie favorites excel in powers of fascination.

◈ ◈ ◈

More of the Love Letters of a Movie Star.

If you read the ones that went before, you know what's coming. On the newsstands, Thursday.

◈ ◈ ◈

DON'T MISS IT!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APRIL 5, 1924

	PAGE
Reader Wants Censors Educated — *By O. H. Beckler*	3
Does Grim Spectre Shadow Screen Stars? — *By Louise Morgan*	4
Bushman and Bayne At Home (In Pictures)	6
"All Women Are Actresses!" — *By Elsie Ferguson*	7
The Sort of Man I Could Love — *By Clara Bow*	8
From Preacher to Movie star — *By David A. Balch*	9
My Own Story of My Trip Abroad — *By Rudolph Valentino*	10
The Land of the Indoor Sun — *By Ralph Willoughby*	12
Hollywood Directors Jealous of Lubitsch — *By Earl Canning*	13
The Home Life of Barbara La Marr — *By Grace Kingsley*	14
"The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor" — *A Revelation of Screen Life*	16
The Latest Photoplay — *By Richard Wickstead*	18
"By Divine Right" (A Fictionization) — *By Charles Warnerby*	20
Whispers From the Studios	21
What Our Readers Think of Us	22
Chit-Chat About the Stars	23
The Colonel Answers Questions	24

All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at owner's risk.

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. Charles A. Penn, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription $4.00 a year; in Canada, 50 cents extra for postage; foreign subscriptions, $1.00 extra. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents. (*Copyrighted 1924 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.*)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

"EDUCATE the CENSORS!" demands Irate Reader

Movie Weekly correspondent declares that *censorship boards* need schooling rather than ridicule—What do you think?

Nat Pendleton, champion wrestler, as he appeared after a desperate fight in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." And yet boxing pictures are barred from some states.

Dear Sir,—

I have just finished reading Mr. James Craig Gordon's article on movie censorship and, as I am one of that vast throng, the buying public, I wish to express my views on the subject.

I note that Movie Weekly has given a front page to the ridicule of censors. Why not give that same page to *educate* them?

Movie censorship is a very broad subject, and one upon which the political minds of the country might find very rich soil to cultivate.

For instance, you and I and many thousands of other men and women have been to the movies and have seen Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan and ever so many others engaged in physical combat. We have seen them "beat up" other men, cause blood to flow, tempers to fly, and in general, create tremendous suspense on the part of the spectators. I am not in favor of abolishing this, but I do wish to point out the incongruity of our being permitted to see such fights in photoplays when we are not allowed, for instance, to see the movies of a Dempsey-Firpo battle. *Why?* If fighting is allowed at all on the screen—and why shouldn't it be?—is there any reason why we shouldn't see the champions of our national sport in action?

Why can we see the imitation boxer with the role of a champion in a photoplay with a plot that includes some "dirty work," while we cannot see two real honest-to-John men, who have trained and given months—years, rather—to building a perfect body to compete in a given sport, like boxing?

Another thing: We are constantly seeing on the stage men and women whose sole claim to fame is their frequent appearance in the newspaper headlines because of some moral law they have broken. Which brings us to another joke!

Mabel Normand is present when one man shoots another. What happens? Her pictures are put off the market. Her very living—her business—is taken away from her by people who have never seen her in real life, who, I might say, are not one bit better than she.

What would happen, do you think, if a man in Dallas, Texas, were to be accused of some criminal act and a man in New York City were called upon to pass judgment upon him, without either seeing or knowing the accused? It's absurd, and I have to laugh!

I have never been to California, nor have I ever met a screen actress, but I am sure they are no different from other people. They must eat to live. They must work. They must play. They have minds to develop, the same as you and I. Why, then, must they be treated so very, very differently? Why doesn't the public stand up for them?

Why, for instance, hasn't the public told the censors what it will buy in the way of amusement, instead of allowing the censors to decide what the public must buy? Any woman who has the money can buy any article which the merchant has in his store; it is up to the merchant to buy what the public will want.

The same thing is true of the picture producer. Do you think he is going to put on the market something he thinks will not sell? *No.* He, the producer, is a business man, just as efficient in his field as the store merchant. He is going to demand, and he *does* demand, that his sales people (the actors and actresses) be clean in their work; he even insists upon their leading clean lives away from work, because he knows that only a clean liver can work.

Now think this letter over, and I believe you will agree with me that it's time the censor gave way to the public and let the public do its own thinking.

I believe you will find that an even hundred out of every hundred movie theatre owners will be glad to run a slide to the effect that when an actor is *not* wanted at that theatre, the public will please leave word at the box office. I smile when I try to visualize just how many people are going to get broken legs in the rush to ban some actor or actress from making a living.

This matter of censorship is not a joke, as you have called it in your magazine, but a problem upon which rests the future of our country.

As proof that I am right in my interpretation of the public's attitude, I suggest that you ask the first hundred or the first million people you meet which they would rather do: live decently as good American citizens, with homes and families, or be vile, crooked and immoral. If you find any percentage who do not want to live clean, wholesome lives, then you haven't asked the question in America.

Why not start an investigation about the *good* that people do? Fill the front page with kindly thoughts and see how easy it is always to have your front page full! Incidentally, I do not advise your looking among the censors for your copy.

O. H. BECKLER.

Does a Grim Spectre Hover

Unexpected and violent means whereby many *screen stars* have passed away in recent years gives rise to conjecture if there is not a *tragic force* that shapes their *destinies* :: :: *By Louise Morgan*

The late *Wallace Reid*, who died a martyr to drug addiction after a valient effort to free himself from the habit.

"The wicked shall flourish like a green bay tree and be cut down in the midst of their glory."

THE above quotation may answer the question to the satisfaction of the narrow-minded, those people with little minds and big mouths, and to the censors, too, who warp and twist life to suit their own perverted misunderstanding.

But to the rest of us, who love and know the stars, who day and night strive and work uncomplainingly to give us happiness and pleasure, and have passed away in the midst of their youth—we know there is no room for wickedness in those big hearts.

And yet, what is the irony of fate that our beloved ones should be violently snatched from us while giving so much of themselves, without warning, in the midst of a picture? Does a sinister phantom influence come ever closer, closer, until its cunning devises some cruel means of its own to cut off the happy, love-giving life?

Think back over the years and call to mind the names of those we no longer see on the screen. With few exceptions it has been a grim tragedy that has snuffed out the shining candle of their lives.

Not so long ago—just about three and a half years, it was—the beautiful and dainty Olive Thomas fell victim to a potent poison administered through mistake by her own hand.

Olive had once been a shop girl in a Pittsburg department store. But she and her chum were ambitious to succeed on the stage, so bravely set out for New York City, their hearts beating high with hope.

If Olive could have seen what lay ahead, would she have gone on?

Both girls became models and Olive was soon a Harrison Fisher Girl. But one as beautiful as she was destined to reach the Follies, and it was but a short step from there to motion pictures.

A sweet girl, who was fast becoming the favorite of everyone, a clever light comedian, with a touch of sadness in her big gray eyes, her career was suddenly cut short. Wedded but two years, she and Jack Pickford, her husband, were enjoying a long anticipated vacation in Paris in September, 1920.

What was it that reached out and cut short her career?

At the height of her merry-making, the bright, vivacious Olive mistook some bichloride of mercury for her headache powder, and innocently drank it down. She soon lay a suffering, pitiful heap, and joined the Grim Spectre, despite all her friends and frantic husband could do.

The tragedy left Jack Pickford desolate, and the whole world suffered and sympathized with him in his sorrow.

Why must our dear ones die such violent deaths, when their whole lives are dedicated to giving happiness to others?

Martha Mansfield died as she had mostly lived—in her studio make-up. A carelessly flung match ignited the dress that the screen star was wearing.

WHO does not remember the lovable Robert Harron? A sweeter boy never lived. He has made us weep whole handkerchiefs soppy while watching him in "Hearts of the World."

These children of Fate seem to be the ones of which the Grim Spectre is most jealous.

Bobbie's rise to fame was as Fateful as Olive's. He was just an office boy in David Wark Griffith's studio. But his talent did not escape the keen eye of the master. He was given bits to do, and Bobby made the most of his opportunities. His lovableness and personality won, and Mr. Griffith had prepared for him a special story, "Bobbie's Kodak." From then on he rose steadily to fame.

Just when the world was at his feet, a tragic accident occurred that can only be traced to that cruel, ever-insatiable Spectre. The facts in the case are well-known to nearly everyone

It was also in September, 1920, that Bobby Harron was packing his suitcase in a New York City hotel, preparatory to leaving for the studio to star in another picture, when the Phantom overtook him. His pistol dropped to the floor and exploded. A bullet tore into his side and Bobby was lost to us.

over the Lives of Movie Stars?

Here might be mentioned one who was near to Bobby in his work, and who died that same year. The adorable, petite Clarine Seymour. She underwent a serious operation, from which she never recovered. Remember her in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and "Idol Dancer?" Mr. Griffith saw such great possibilities in her that he had the latter story especially prepared for her. She was just a newcomer to the screen, but had many friends among the fans, and the critics were loud in their praise of her.

Ever watchful, ever crouching to spring and snatch away the lives of Fortune's Darlings. What is This that swings back and forth with the steady rhythm of a cobra's head, ready to dart out and strike, here, there, anywhere, that its searing tongue may reach and destroy?

THE Grim Spectre waited now for two years. Perhaps its appetite was satiated for the moment. But not for long could it stand by and witness so much happiness without its jealousy being roused. Its grasping claws reached out and hovered over a beautiful home in a bungalow court in Los Angeles, and on February 1, 1922 a shot rang out, and William Desmond Taylor lay dead in a pool of his own blood on the floor of his home. No one has ever solved the mystery of his sudden and violent death. For no reason that has ever been explained, this great director of motion pictures, ever growing more popular, was shot down in cold blood in his own home.

Who can explain the tragedy?

The leering Spectre once again?

It was just a short time ago that the world was moved to sorrow over the tragic death of Wallace Reid. One does not need to be reminded of his smile, his jaunty cap and inimitable ways. Loved by millions and known the world over, Wally could not escape that tragic, phantom Fate that seems to exact violent deaths from our movie stars.

But perhaps Wally has not suffered and died in vain. His plucky and devoted wife, Dorothy Davenport Reid, has carried on and endeared his name to us more than ever.

In her crusade against narcotics, Wally's tragic death may be the means of saving thousands of those who loved him and who were in turn loved by his big, boyish heart. It was the great strain of overwork—work that was given uncomplainingly to please us—that caused the break in Wally's health. That, and an accident which caused him to be treated with narcotics. The habit got such a strong hold on him that in his weakened condition he could not shake it off, and grew too weak to stand the strain and passed away from us in January, 1923.

Like so many others, he got his start with Mr. Griffith. He was first noticed in "The Birth of a Nation." It was not long before he was one of our most popular leading men, and then became Paramount's biggest star.

Was the Spectre's grip too strong to be shaken off?

Was it jealous of Wally's happiness? He had recently paid completely for his gorgeous home. His charming wife and little son Billy and little adopted daughter, all faced a bright and rosy future. His company had just raised his salary. His pictures were becoming more and more popular every day and everywhere. It was just at this peaceful, happy time that the ever-present, menacing Phantom broke up this happy family.

The latest tragedy was the burning to death of the beautiful Martha Mansfield. Just twenty-three years old and climbing steadily to fame. But a puff of smoke—a flicker of flame, and Martha was turned into a suffering, flaming torch.

SHE was playing in her first starring picture, "The Warrens of Virginia," and working hard to finish it on time. This necessitated that Martha and her company work on Thanksgiving Day. Her scenes finished, she walked off the set to her waiting limousine. A vision of loveliness in her billowing, ruffled gown of the crinoline of Civil War days. Never was she more beautiful and happy and sure of her success. Her heart was light and full of Thanksgiving on this Day.

By what cruel, unknown means was the flaming match guided to her billowing skirts?

Before she knew it, she was a flaming mass, screaming and running for help. Her leading man, Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert Lytell, and others, rushed to her to extinguish the devouring flames. But the Grim Spectre had its way and Martha never recovered from her torturing burns.

Martha was another recruit from the Follies. As beautiful little Martha from Mansfield, Ohio, she came to New York to go on the stage. Her name became Martha Mansfield, and the fame of her beauty spread far and wide. She became the favorite of artists and photographers, and her face smiled at us from all sides. She soon joined the Follies, and then graduated to the movies. Her first performance of note was with John Barrymore in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." She was also leading lady for Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover." She then became a featured player and was at last to reach stardom. So, down in San Antonio, Texas, on location, she was reaching up for the topmost rung of the ladder of Fame, happy and secure in the success that had come so early in life. It was at this momentous time that the hovering Spectre decided to strike, and another star was added to the ever-growing list.

An assassin's bullet cut short the career of *William Desmond Taylor*. The slain movie director's death remains shrouded in mystery.

It was not so in the beginning. Our favorites had to leave us, but they went peacefully. We lost the dearest of fat men, John Bunny, who made us laugh so heartily. There never has been and never will be such another as John Bunny. But his death was kind. God called him after a life well spent in giving happiness and laughter to millions. Bunny died peacefully at the age of 52, on April 26, 1915.

WE MUST not forget to mention the handsome, dashing Harold Lockwood. It is not hard to call to mind the joyous hours he and his co-starring partner, May Allison, gave to us. His brilliant smile flashed out from his photo on many a girl's bureau. There was not a fan that did not grieve when in October, 1918 he succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia.

Thus it used to be our favorite stars passed away, but something sinister has happened. Something which borders on the supernatural. What is this Grim Spectre hanging over the heads of fortune's favorites? How must they feel with the shadow of the ever present Phantom hovering nearby?

Do they know it?

Are they warned?

Who will be the next?

Which, of the countless children of fame who nightly parade across the silver screen of our neighborhood movie houses, will be the next to fall beneath the scythe of this grim reaper, who metes out disaster to those who in the least deserve it? Why must the taking off be always a violent one? Why are those whose lives are bathed in happiness the ones to earn the fatal attention of this weird spectre, who strikes in the dark with horrifying suddenness?

Tonight we shall go to the movies. We shall see there our favorite screen star playing in his or her latest picture. But as we look at the handsome, smiling face of the man, if it be a man, or the haunting beauty of the girl, we shall wonder where the scythe is next to fall. Will it mean that this handsome head, that charming face, shall be the next to go down beneath the blow of the Grim Reaper? We hope not, but we wonder.

For it is indeed a fact that a Grim Spectre seems to hover over the lives of the movie star, enshrouding them with its sinister shadow.

Who will be the next to go?

We wonder.

And, as we think of the havoc wrought by that Grim Reaper in the past, we shudder.

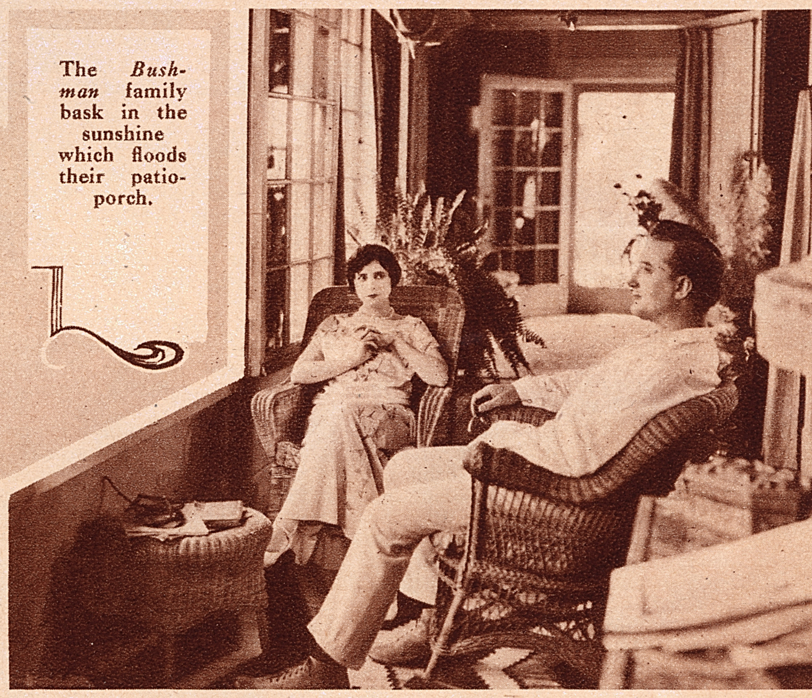
BUSHMAN and BAYNE—at Home

Francis X. Bushman, one of the first screen idols, with his beautiful wife, *Beverly Bayne*, on the patio porch of their home. Their house nestles among the trees on a hillside overlooking *Hollywood*.

The former screen stars, with their young son *Richard* before an ivy-covered summer house, which stands beside an arroyo that runs through the grounds.

The *Bushman* family bask in the sunshine which floods their patio-porch.

Strolling through the immense grounds surrounding their home—one of the largest estates in the thickly settled portion of *Hollywood*.



The deck sun-parlor of the *Bushman-Bayne* establishment has a beautiful view of *Hollywood* and the surrounding countryside.

"All Women are Actresses!" says Elsie FERGUSON

LUCAS—KANARIAN

"A woman scarcely ever has a chance to be her natural self," says *Miss Ferguson.* "Everything seems to combine to make an actress of her whether she wills it or no."

Beautiful *star* of *stage* and *screen* declares that members of her sex never leave off *acting* from the *cradle* to the *grave*

By Regina Cannon

SOME time ago, a reviewer, in an article in a cosmopolitan paper, deplored the fact that there are so few promising young actors. The youthful actress, he observed, has far out-distanced her brother player. The writer then proceeded to name ten actresses under thirty who had attained stardom, but when he started to list famous young actors, he stopped at Number 3—for after that there wasn't any more.

We at once recognized the veracity of the statement and decided to find out "how come?" Obviously the thing to do was to get the opinion of a successful woman star on the subject—one who had made an enviable place for herself on both screen and stage. We thought of Elsie Ferguson.

Miss Ferguson is now starring, between pictures, in a stage production called "The Moon Flower," at the Fulton Theatre in New York. We saw her in her dressing room before the performance. And right here it might not be amiss to give you our impressions of Miss Ferguson. There are, doubtless, many people who would like to know almost first-hand what she is really like. There have been so many conflicting stories about her, you know. Someone, we might say, told *us* about Miss Ferguson.

"She is beautiful, clever and talented," warned the advice-giver, "but, my dear, she is sure to Ritz you. Everyone says Miss Ferguson is up-stage."

And, foolishly, we almost believed it.

So we went to see one of our favorites, prepared to be Ritzed, up-staged and, mayhap, shown the door. At any rate, we prepared for the worst and hoped for the best. And, of course, were disappointed. For Miss Ferguson was charming and friendly to the point of cordiality, and we never have spent a pleasanter half hour with a celebrity than the one passed in her dressing room.

We felt that she'd been wronged and decided to apologize for even presuming to pre-judge her. We told Miss Ferguson we had expected the *congé*—or whatever the French call "getting the air."

She just laughed, a delicious, low, ripply laugh. "You know," she confided, "I think the way I've been cast in pictures has given some people a wrong impression of me. I've been a succession or procession of *grande dames* on the screen, and you know"—again the lovely laugh—"a 'lady,' according to Hoyle, isn't supposed to be the personification of animation and pep. So, as I'm sometimes not given the benefit of the doubt, I'll have to stand pre-judged and misjudged before a cruel world."

You'll probably readily admit that Miss Ferguson is *not* lacking in a sense of humor.

THEN, while she was making up, we asked her why the girls were out-distancing the young men in the race for stellar parts.

"It isn't such a difficult question to answer," replied Miss Ferguson, applying rouge to the whitest, satiniest skin we've ever seen, "when you consider that all women are actresses."

That was a startler, all right. We immediately had visions of ourself laying down the mighty pen, picking up the sword and fighting our way to a position behind the footlights.

"Yes," continued Miss Ferguson, "a woman scarcely ever has a chance to be her natural self. Everything seems to combine to make an actress of her whether she wills it or no. In the first place, there is convention. Convention is an enemy to true self-expression. Convention is more binding than chains and shackles.

"IT IS to convention that woman owes her ability to act, that is if she is to be congratulated on being able to feel one way and act another. She comes by this talent, if it may be called such, naturally. It is born with her. She almost never has to be taught to suppress her emotions. She does it instinctively—when it best serves her purpose. She can affect indifference to a situation when she knows and feels that its outcome is of the most vital importance to her. And she deserves little credit for being able to do so."

Miss Ferguson was applying a scented lipstick. It seems that the whole procedure of making up lips is done most effectively with three strokes. And we spend hours trying to get an effect that Miss Ferguson gets in three seconds.

"Oh, dear," from us, "and we've always boasted about being so natural and unaffected."

"You probably are," laughed this famous actress, "when being 'natural and unaffected' gets you what you want. Now don't say 'Cynic'—I'm a feminist!"

"She's a peach," is what we reflected as we closed the door on this fair possessor of beauty and talent and acting ability.

And, speaking of getting what one wants, we've an idea Miss Ferguson would be an authority on that subject. We can't imagine her wanting anything and being unable to get it. She has such outstanding ability, in addition to her beauty and charm, that one feels sure she could have succeeded in anything she set her mind to.

Certainly her success on the stage has been evidence of all the qualities we have spoken of. Miss Ferguson is one woman in a thousand—in ten thousand, to be more accurate, and we'll take our hat off to her—if it isn't too cold—any day in the week.

The sort of MAN I could Love

by Clara BOW

"My ideal husband," said *Miss Bow*, "must have a good disposition. No one likes to live with a grouch."

Charming little *screen favorite* tells *Movie Weekly* representative what kind of *masculine charms* appeal to her most

An interview with J. L. Johnston

YOU mustn't judge an actor too much by the roles he plays. He plays the roles he is assigned to whether he approves of the characters or not. A villain isn't always a villain, really, any more than the handsome young hero is always as noble and as heroic as he seems.

There's Clara Bow, for instance. Clara recently played an excessively flapperish role in "Black Oxen"—the role of Janet Oglethorpe—and she did so well with the part that Frank Lloyd, who directed the picture, dubbed her the ideal flapper.

"Maybe I am a regular flapper," Clara admitted, "in fact, anyone who sees me in 'Black Oxen' probably gets the impression that I am as frivolous and vixenish as the character I play. It would seem, for instance, that I might easily be fascinated by any man who became interested in me, but that is not true at all. When the time comes for me to marry, I intend to pick my husband most carefully. He will have to be a real man, in every sense of the word.

"As a matter of fact, I think most flappers feel as I do about it. The flapper may seem a bit frivolous, but underneath her party manner she is thoroughly modern, wide-awake and intelligent. She does a lot of studying that most people don't see, and I think that, even if she does go to parties with 'cake-eaters' and 'sheiks,' she is quite capable of selecting the chaff from the wheat, when it comes to picking a husband. I don't think that trick clothes, dancing feet, sideburns and baby blue eyes will fool her for a moment where real love is concerned.

"The man I intend to marry," Clara continued thoughtfully, "must first of all be clean-cut in his appearance, athletic, preferably about six feet tall and weighing about 175. He must be smooth-shaven—I don't like these little trick mustaches at all—but it doesn't matter whether he is a blond or a brunette.

"I should like him to be a college man—not because I think college men always know so much, besides football, but because at least they acquire a certain grace and ease which makes them feel at home in any social or business circle. I want a husband who will be a leader among his associates, a good mixer, and a loyal friend. I particularly dislike effeminate or sheikish men.

"My ideal husband must, of course, have a good disposition; no one likes to live with a grouch. He should be a hard worker, not a laborer, but one who really enjoys struggling with difficult business problems. As to his profession—I don't care so much what his business is, though I would rather he was not a motion picture man.

"It would be most important for him to have a sense of humor, be quick-witted, and be able to discuss intelligently the general topics of the day. He should have traveled enough to know people and conditions in various places, as only travel and contact with different sorts of people can give a man the right to discuss cities, industry and people intelligently. (I especially dislike the man who discusses things he knows nothing about.)

"While, as I said, I shouldn't be fooled by a 'cake-eater,' dancing type of man, it would be nice to have one's husband a good dancer. He should also know something of music and art, so that we could feel free to attend a party and join in with anything that was suggested. An appreciation of music, to me, goes hand in hand with the sympathetic quality of understanding. I should like to feel that my husband is sentimental enough to be touched and inspired by good music.

"I certainly shouldn't expect my husband to forget completely the existence of other girls the moment he married me. I would expect him to be courteous, sociable, and I would trust him with other girls. I shouldn't want to marry a man I couldn't trust, as my pride would come from the knowledge that though he might like other girls, I stood always foremost in his affections. I should think, in response, that his chief pride would be in proving to me that my trust was not misplaced, that I had reason to believe in his fidelity.

"I SUPPOSE," Miss Bow continued pensively, "I have set a pretty high standard for my husband, but I think we all should. It is better to be sure than sorry, in marriage. I don't want to expect too much of my husband, but I do want the man I love to be a 'regular' sort, honest, intelligent, kind, and a respector of his marriage vows. My husband's love for me must be romantic, not a duty.

"I would expect each of us to retain our own individuality, our independence. No two people should be too entirely submerged in one or the other's personality. Each should have some definite interest to keep him or her from growing stale, from getting into a rut.

"And while, as I said, we should each have a certain amount of independence, still I should expect to have many sacrifices to make from time to time, without complaint. I don't know what can be a greater expression of one's devotion than a sacrifice for a loved one.

"It may seem impossible," Clara admitted, "that I should ever find a man to measure up to the high standard I have set for the man I love, but I shall certainly try my best to find my ideal."

"Of course no one ever does," it was suggested.

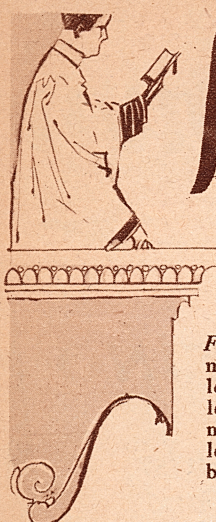
"Perhaps not," said Clara, "but in any case, the higher one's standards are, the nearer one comes to approaching perfection. What's that old saying about 'hitching your wagon to a star?' Of course, no one ever reaches the star, but you'll come a lot closer to it than if you hitched your wagon to the top of the tallest tree.

"And so, in selecting the qualities I should like in a husband—he can't have all of them, of course, because he won't have been made to order for me. But the higher my standard, the more desirable will be the qualities—from my point of view—in the man I select to marry.

"Yes, that's the kind of man I could love, and when I find him—*if* I find him—I will be able to say happily every time I read of a divorce case, 'Thank heaven, *my* husband isn't like that!'

"*That's* what marriage means to me."

Clara Bow and *Kenneth Harlan* in a charming love scene from *"Poisoned Paradise."*



From Preacher to Movie Star

Fred Thomson, former *Princeton* athlete, who left college to become a minister and then left the ministry to become a movie star.

Fred Thomson,* former *Presbyterian minister* and *Princeton athlete,* tells how he came to give up *pulpit* for *movies

By David A. Balch

FROM preacher to movie star!

"How," we asked him, "did you do it?"

"Do what?" he countered, fixing his pleasant gray eyes fairly upon us.

"Get into the ministry?" we explained.

"Get into it or get out of it?" was the smiling return.

"Get *into* it?" we insisted, taking in the huge bulk of man sitting opposite and all of his virile masculinity that seemed so out of place in back of the clerical habit where it at one time reposed.

Fred Thomson laughed. It was a deep, pleasant rumble of genuine amusement that showed he understood our query and the purpose lying back of it.

"We asked," we continued, "because you certainly don't seem like any minister we've ever seen."

He took a deep, smiling breath that swelled his great barrel of a chest to mammoth proportions.

"I suppose," he explained, "that I got into it more because I came of a family of preachers; for generations my folks had worn the cloth, and it seemed only natural that I should do so, too.

"In many ways," Mr. Thomson continued, "I was well fitted for the ministry. I believed in the potentialities for good work that the calling contained and, as I've said, I came to it naturally from the generations of preachers back of me. But I discovered, after leaving Princeton Theological School and getting a pastorate, that the social demands of the ministry were something I was entirely unfitted for.

"These meant a round of about thirty pastoral calls a week. I can't tell you how I came eventually to hate this sort of thing. It meant talking to innumerable ladies on matters too trivial for the self-respect of any hundred per cent man. And finally I had to quit it.

"There was a time, however," Mr. Thomson proceeded rapidly, "when I was very happy in the ministry, and that was when I had a church out in Goldfield, Nevada. It was mining-town stuff and I had as a fellow-worker a Catholic priest called Father Jim. It isn't usual for a Protestant clergyman and a Catholic priest to fraternize, I believe, but Father Jim and I were inseparable from the start.

"HE WAS a big, red-faced Irishman and practically we owned the town. At least, we controlled it politically. I left Goldfield with the very real regret of terminating what I knew was good work there.

"During the war," Mr. Thomson went on after a time, "I was a chaplain in the Army. It was at this time that I met Mary Pickford. Mary—for I came afterward to know Doug and her very well—said to me:

"'When you get out of the Army, Lieutenant, I want you to be my leading man.'

"Well! This was a strange proposition to offer a minister, don't you think? And the strangest thing about it all was that I accepted it. I played with Miss Pickford in 'The Love Light'—and then I married Frances Marion, her scenario writer. We're still married," he added with a laugh.

"You—er—were an athlete or something while at Princeton, weren't you?" we questioned, remembering something or other we had once heard in connection with our massive host.

"Yes," the erstwhile clergyman responded. "I won the all-round championship in 1912 that Jim Thorpe had held. That helped me in my picture work, too, for I've been able to incorporate a lot of the rough and tumble stuff because of it."

We went down to luncheon, then, in the Algonquin dining-room, where we met Joseph Hergesheimer, the man who wrote "Tol'able David," whom we hadn't seen in several years. Mr. Hergesheimer was as interested as we when he learned that our companion was a movie star who formerly had been a preacher.

Fred Thomson and Hazel Keener in a scene from "North of Nevada."

DURING lunch Mr. Thomson talked freely of the movies—and more intelligently, may we say, than anyone we have hitherto met. He has the preacher's conversational gift, coupled with a really fine background of knowledge gained from separating the covers of many books.

But he hasn't any plans for uplifting the masses himself, he told us. No, indeed, his own work, which is a far cry from uplift in anything save the physical sense of the word, consists of a rare, delightful combination of the art and methods of William S. Hart and Tom Mix. And this, when you meet and talk with Fred Thomson, is as hard to believe as his original excursion in the ministry.

My own

By Rudolph VALENTINO

The famous screen star rests at Nice after the hazardous motor trip from Paris, from which Natacha predicted disaster—Rudy sees a strange young man and instantly recognizes in him a splendid type for the screen—He arranges to have the youth come to America and take part in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 18th.

AND so this day has passed. We had written ahead, begging them not to go in for any entertaining on our behalf, pleading that we wanted to be and talk with them and have some time for solitude and ourselves before going on with our trip.

And so this first day has been spent in the well-known bosom of the family, talking of familiar topics and persons, telling Auntie, whom we rejoined with "much pleasure," as the formality has it, of all that had transpired between the time she left us at Cherbourg and here, and exhibiting the particular and beautiful points of our large family of dogs, comprising, at the date of our arrival here, six Pekingese, besides my Dauberman. As we are all dog fanciers, we had a marvelous time with the family plus the dog menage at the chateau itself.

My hands are still stiff and my shoulder muscles refuse to move with their old supple efficiency. Natacha says that it is well for me that I am vacationing and not working. I would make a stiff, unwieldy subject for a director's baton at the present rate.

However, I think I am improving, for when Natacha suggested with some enthusiasm this evening, before retiring, that she try the pin-sticking test again, I acceded, but her efforts were rewarded by a faint yowl of protest from me.

I told her that this volition on her part aroused in me the oft pondered theory as to whether or no women are really inherently cruel or inherently kind.

One hears much ado about the hand that rocks a cradle, but one also hears considerable about the hand that wrecks a home.

It seems to me that the mother in women is kind, but the female in woman is of the tigress-cat variety and delights in subtle cruelties, in testing power, in watching the opposite species suffer at her hands.

FOR it is quite well-known that if the maternal in woman be lacking, a sort of a monstrosity is the result. Women may not have any children of their own, perhaps not . . . but the maternal instinct, the maternal element may be in them very tenderly and very strongly. On the other hand, I have seen women who had children of their own and in whom I yet missed, felt the lack of, the maternal instinct.

Women are not charming unless they have that maternal instinct. They are somehow strangely and lamentably lacking. One misses a vital core to them, which is the only way I can put what I mean . . .

Women who cannot be tender, are women to avoid, I believe . . . They may be kind to you in the flush of success, or while they care about you, but once the emotional afflatus has died down they will turn, snarling, and requite you . . . For tenderness is lacking . . . the fire is built on no sheltering hearth of protectiveness.

"I like the *Madonna* in woman," says *Rudolph Valentino*, in this, his own story of his recent trip abroad. "The most beautiful women in *Italy* are women of the *Madonna* type."

I like the Madonna in woman . . . the most beautiful women in Italy are the Madonna type . . . serene faces . . . calm, soft eyes . . . calm, overlying something deeper and stronger . . . mother-women going their ways of beauty and light . . . Perhaps my subconscious mind, as the psychologists say, received some sort of an impact in early childhood from seeing the Madonna type of beauty in my own land . . . but I do know that I hark back to it whenever I discuss beauty . . . whenever I think of the women of Italy . . .

Another night of sound and blessed sleep. I sleep so well here, almost dreamlessly.

Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 20th.

THE third benignant sunny day. Luncheon guests. Talk. It is so nice to feel that so many people are interested in what I do, what I think. I shall never, I believe, recover from the amazement that so many people want to know what I think, what I plan, what I do from day to day, from week to week . . . It is the most stimulating flattery in the world.

As for the Riviera itself, there is practically no one here. In summer it is always absolutely dead.

The same old idea of "smartness," a term which I am growing to particularly detest, because it means the doing of so many smug little things at so frequent and so great a sacrifice of beauty, pleasure and comfort.

For instance, here on the Riviera, it is most perfectly beautiful during the summer months. Roses. Ultramarine blue sky. Matching and matchless sea. Air floating like thin veils of beauty over all.

But the ultra-smart people, trying to be original, perhaps, go to the Riviera during the winter, when it is cold and rainy, and when the fine weather comes here they go up to Chamonix to get the winter sports during the summer time.

It is a perversion of seasons and places that I cannot quite understand. I can understand the few following a few about, because, after all, one wants to go where one's friends go, but I cannot imagine the reasonableness of the very few, like sheep, leading the many the pace that leads in the wrong direction at the wrong time.

During the winter on the Riviera you get cold, damp weather, mixed in with some days of sunshine here and there, but for the most part it is quite precisely like what the Riviera is NOT supposed to be. Involved, but I make myself clear—

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

Story of my Trip Abroad

to myself, at all events, and, I hope, to you.

Personally, I think the thing to do is to have an all-year round home somewhere, as near to ideality as you can find in a place. I should like to have such a place, done somewhat in the medieval style. I am not particularly keen for modernity, either in house, dress or woman. I like a touch of the Old World. A flavor of tradition. A hint of other lands and other times . . . old golds . . . sombre reds . . . dulled blues . . . grays that are like smoke, drifting . . . And I should like to live in such a place, year by year, season following season, so that I should come to know the place, absorb it into myself and be, in turn, absorbed into the place.

I have no desire for this flitting from house to house, from estate to estate, never really making a home, an abiding place of anyone of them. Never building a tradition.

I should like to *know* my house, to make a shrine of it, where all the beautiful things I am able to garner from the four corners of the globe would find abiding places. Where my friends might come to remember me, as permanently fixed on a "set" at last, and where I might die, at last, after the storm and stress.

Natacha and I had great joy in wandering about the chateau admiring and discussing and asking such questions as only members of the same family may ask. Muzzie was thoroughly proficient on Louis XV, and Natacha revelled in the decorations and plans.

It has been a happy interlude.

Tomorrow we shall give over to planning the onward move.

Juan Les Pins, Nice, August 21st.

NATACHA was reading over my diary this morning, as we breakfasted in bed, the sun flooding in upon us, the smell of flowers in the air, birds speaking to one another outside the half-opened windows. Summer in a summer world . . . it seemed hard to believe that there had ever been a land or a time of rain and trouble and dissension . . .

It came over me then, in one of those overwhelming moments we are all, I suppose, prone to now and then, how sad it is that the race of man lives as they do live. With a world, sun-flooded and sweet with flowers, with garden spots and what the Americans call "the great open spaces," stretching like Edens around and about us, why do we huddle and struggle in cities, wearing our brains and bodies out in the endless struggle for bread and rent and raiment and the pleasures that are like fitful fevers in the end?

I suppose it is because we are all more or less gregarious. It hearks back to the days of old, when there were the nomad races and the far more frequent tribes that got together and formed the first villages, the even more former cliff dwellers. Man likes to dwell by man and out of that liking, that desire, cities have arisen.

Natacha Rambova, whom the world knows as Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, before the chateau of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut, in Nice.

Even I, I suppose, would sooner or later shake off the pleasure of dream, and wish to be back in the crucible with my fellow-men, striving mightily, and doubtless out of all proportion, for my little place in the sun.

And perhaps again it is the height of wisdom to struggle so. When we do, these interludes of sun and air and flowers come to us with an even more poignant happiness. We love them all the more because we do not have them all the while. The air is like wine to us, intoxicating us. The sun becomes a mantle of gold, covering us with coveted touch. The flowers breathe an incense rarer because infrequent.

BUT if ever my belief in myself should utterly fail me. If the day should come when struggle for my individual Right should wear me threadbare of further effort, then I should come to a garden place where the sky would be ever blue above me, where my feet would press soil as vernal and virgin as I could find, where, below me, under white cliffs, the sea could sing me its immemorial lullaby.

I think there must, at one time or another, have been sailors in my family. For the sea pounds in my veins with a tune I still remember . . . and know that I could not have remembered it in this life I have lived . . .

One of the most fascinating speculations I know of is the fact that no one of us inherits directly from our parents. That is why, so often a child will be born into a family and seem to have no direct, or even indirect, affiliation with that family at all. Rather, the blood of some far away, remote ancestor flows in his or her veins. Or the commingled blood of many ancestors comes again to life in this scion of the race. Aliens from their immediate families, they claim kinship with (*Continued on page 27*)

Rudy and *Natacha* are great dog lovers. Here the famous young screen star is shown holding two of his wife's favorite *Pekes*. They took six *Pekingese* to *Nice* with them, as well as the *Dauberman-Pinscher* given them by *M. Hebertot*, in *Paris*.

The LAND of the INDOOR SUN

Gloria Swanson as Toinette, the grisette, in "The Humming Bird."

A set designed and constructed within the studio.

New light invention enables *picture makers* to obtain effects that approximate conditions of *daylight*—What this means to the *movie* you see

By Ralph Willoughby

"KILL the sun."

That's what you'll hear most any day in a movie studio.

Wouldn't it be convenient if we really could kill the sun, or turn it on at will, whenever we felt we wanted a change from cloudy to fair.

That's what the picture producers used to tell themselves in the days when California was the delight of the motion picture industry. They once longed to be able to control the weather, since thousands of dollars depended on their taking a scene when they were ready for it, without waiting for the sun to come out from behind the clouds. And so, California being the nearest approach to perpetual sunshine, Hollywood became the centre of the industry.

But now all is changed. The sun? Piffle! Who cares about the sun? Those all-powerful producers have got suns of their own which they can turn on and off at will. They now have the sunlight arc lights, the most obliging little suns ever invented—and not so little at that, as any skeptic could soon find out by letting one fall on him. Seven hundred pounds should be enough to convince anyone.

In spite of the seven hundred, however, the indoor sun can be rolled around the studio on wheels and is operated very simply and automatically. It has a twenty-four inch mirror which can reflect the light from any angle or at any height.

The sun would never be half so obliging as that!

The result is that much better results than can be gotten out-of-doors can be obtained, much more cheaply, right in the studios. It is not always necessary to take big picture companies out on location, as it once was. Just build your city block right in the studio—"All set—shoot!"

The big Famous Players studio at Astoria, Long Island, has, because of the sunlight arcs, become a hum of activity. A dozen sets may be in filming all at one time and pictures can be made much more efficiently and quickly. No longer must a large company out on location be fed and paid for days of wasted time when the sun refuses to oblige and smile upon them.

The indoor sun has the happy faculty of attending strictly to business, shining with twelve o'clock noon intentness for several hours if necessary, or at any rate, until autocratic Mr. Shirt-Sleeves bellows thunderously to an unseen operator, hidden in a maze of cords and fixtures:

"All right, Freddie! Kill it!"

And when Freddie kills it, the sun just stops shining—in movieland, the land of the indoor sun.

So perfect is this artificial sun for picture purposes, that when you see an outdoor scene on the screen, you probably wouldn't believe it if someone told you it was filmed indoors.

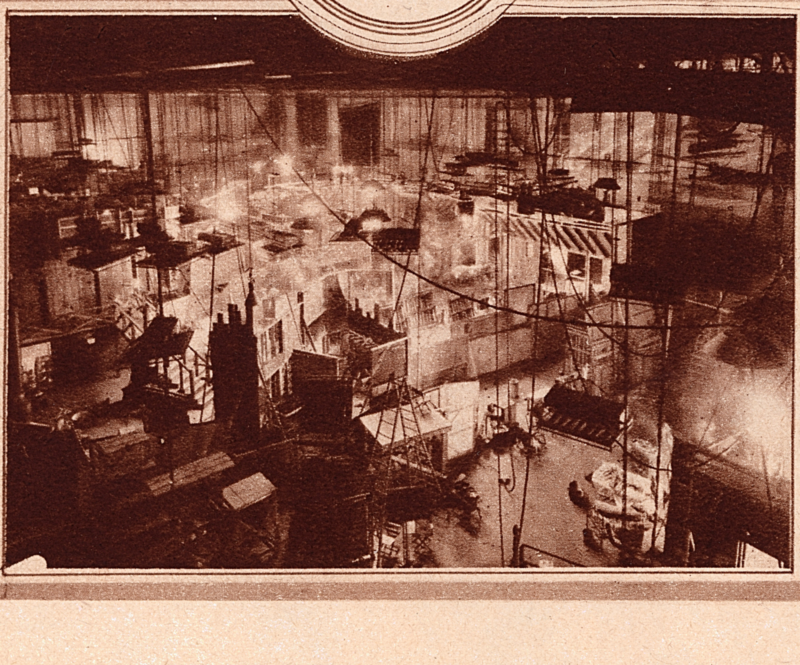
Take "The Humming Bird," for instance. In this picture you find yourself transported, via the screen, to a street scene in Montmartre, the Bohemia of Paris. It is a bright sunny morning, with carts bumping along the cobbled streets, taxies dashing here and yon. Street folk coming and going, casting their shadows on the walls of the quaint little shops. That is Paris!

And also, that is Astoria, Long Island. The interior of a studio, in fact, at Astoria, Long Island.

But let us go back to Montmartre.

A slender girl comes swiftly into view, flitting over the cobblestones, gone almost before you see her. This is Toinette, gay, pert, carefree, who appears at night dressed in boy's clothes and is known as "The Humming Bird," a leader among the Apache thieves. In daylight, she is herself, Toinette, the piquant young girl—Gloria Swanson.

Suddenly she disappears within the doorway of a basement cafe. Fade-out and we see the interior of the cafe, dingy, small, low-ceilinged. Wizened Frenchmen sit about the cheap tables, drinking, smoking; or lean across the bar enwreathed in smoke. Through the windows (*Continued on page 29*)



An inside view of the *Famous Players'* studio in *Long Island* under the glare of the indoor sun.

Hollywood Directors Jealous of Lubitsch

Rumor is current that *American movie men* resent invasion of *foreign genius,* who is hailed by the *critics* as *supreme artist* of *films*

By Earl Canning

Director Lubitsch as he appears in action on location. He is a dynamo of inexhaustible energy.

"AMERICA for Americans."

That, it seems, is the new slogan for Hollywood—if one is to judge by the protests emanating from picture circles there. Especially among the directors. For, it appears, the motion picture directors of Hollywood are getting alarmed for their supremacy. Native-born directors—or, to put it more accurately—a certain group of them, have at last voiced their protests, in no uncertain terms, against the present influx of European picture directors and other screen experts. It is as yet impossible to foresee just how far their objections will go.

In any case, the protests are getting louder and louder, without quite breaking out into the open. So far there has been only an undercurrent of mumblings among the directorial talent of Hollywood against the few great directors from overseas whose fame has grown so largely in this country of late. The complaints for the most part have been anonymous, as they are mingled with a certain shamefacedness—as they should be.

Nevertheless, the signs are unmistakable that the dangerous emotion of jealousy has been aroused.

At the present writing, the loudest wails of protest have been directed against Ernst Lubitsch, the great German director, who, in the past few years, has taken the screen world by storm. He it was who, a few years ago, brought about the international fame of Pola Negri, as well as himself, in the smashingly spectacular productions of "Passion," "Deception," etc. He brought entirely new ideas into the direction of pictures, the handling of huge mob scenes, the artistry of the spectacle movie.

Lubitsch, as all picture fans are aware, was brought to this country by Mary Pickford, to direct her in her most ambitious production, "Rosita." His success with that led promptly to employment at the Warner Brothers' studio, where he produced "The Marriage Circle," a film which critics and audiences everywhere have agreed sets a new high-tide mark in directorial skill and artistic expression on the screen.

"Rosita," it must be admitted, did not puff the fame of Lubitsch. Neither did it dwindle it. But it was not such an overpowering success, either financially or artistically, that it should arouse any jealousies. But "The Marriage Circle" is a different matter. Not only has it started gallantly on the road to what will probably prove distinctly unusual financial success, but motion picture experts of all kinds have openly proclaimed it reaches a degree of intelligence which few American directors could possibly attain.

All of this does not make very pleasant reading for the American directors to whom it refers.

Through a poll of directorial opinion which I have made, though of necessity it has been secret and somewhat haphazard in its method, I am convinced that this growling against the important place held in the native screen world by eminent foreigners, is limited to screendom's lesser fry.

The half-dozen or more native directors whose work has set them above the common run, have no quarrel with the "foreign invasion." On the contrary, those who have sufficient intelligence to have lifted themselves to the topmost ranks in this new art-industry of the silent drama, have actually welcomed such men as Victor Seastrom, Rupert Julian, Dimitri Buchowetski, Eric von Stroheim and Lubitsch.

This thing they have borne in mind. No film producer spends his hard-garnered cash to import a European director simply *because* he is a foreigner. That, on the face of it, would be idiotic. Though it must be admitted, it is an attitude not unheard of within the group of malcontents we are discussing. Before any foreigner is brought to this country, and before the huge sums of money necessary to his importation are peeled from the movie bank roll, the director must have proved himself not only the equal of the best American directors, but their superior. For it is cheaper and, perhaps, rather pleasanter to use that talent which is nearest at hand.

Ernst Lubitsch engaged in directing *Florence Vidor* in a scene from *"The Marriage Circle."*

AMERICAN directors need not worry. The motion picture is essentially an American discovery and an American artistic and commercial development. It stands to reason that the country which has brought the motion picture industry from the black-box peep-show to its present greatness within the space of less than one short generation, will develop the great majority of the experts within that art. But it is no less unreasonable to feel that new blood from abroad, new genius, fresh ideas and discoveries worked out independently overseas, will now, if carefully combined into the home-grown product, result in a stimulation and improvement of that product.

This is the attitude of those better-class American directors of whom I have spoken as welcoming the "invasion."

The little men, who find themselves demoted and their uninspired directorial methods discredited by such men as Ernst Lubitsch, see only the personal, selfish side of the thing. They see themselves ousted by better men than themselves—men who, with all too common provincial American thickheadedness, they feel, because they are "foreigners"

(Continued on page 29)

The HOME SCREEN

How *Barbara La Marr*, popular house in her *Hollywood* home— she can act :: ::

***Barbara La Marr,* popular screen star, whose home you will visit in this fascinating account of her hours away from the studio.**

"WELL, yes, I can cook—but I must say I'm not a very domestic person naturally!"

Barbara La Marr smiled her most ravishing smile, as she led me into the homey living room of her pretty house in Hollywood—the one just on the side of the hill, from the great windows of which, on the valley side, you get a view of Rudolph Valentino's house, and of Jack Kerrigan's below on Cahuenga Boulevard.

It's a lovely home, considered at no matter what angle, and I couldn't help wishing, as I sank into a huge chair in the living room, that I lived there. One could just rest and rest and let the remainder of mankind, as well as women, go their separate ways unregarded. It's a dream of a home, even though, as Barbara says, she is not domestic.

But if Barbara La Marr is not domestic in one sense of the word, at least she is a great home lover. How she delights in that lovely new house of hers—the first real home she ever had, she says, because, when she was a child she was always moving about with her family, and after she became an actress she was, of course, on the road, or was living in flats or apartments, or in hotels.

Everything in Barbara's home moves like clockwork. I know, because I have spent many pleasant hours there. She has a colored nurse for her adopted baby and a colored cook. The nurse is the daughter of her own colored mammy that she had when she was a child! Isn't that perfectly fascinating? Of course, there is a chauffeur, who also helps with the garden.

Hours, naturally, are rather irregular, as Jack Daugherty, Miss La Marr's husband, is also an actor. Sometimes both are working at the same time, sometimes only one is working; this, of course, makes it rather difficult for the servants, as meals must run from six-thirty in the morning until sometimes nine o'clock at night.

"However," explained Barbara, "we try to strike an average, and to make it as easy as possible for the servants. Sometimes, if I have a very early call, I prepare my own breakfast. Or, if I am not working, and Jack has a very early call, I arise and get his breakfast. But my cook is awfully good, and she will not allow me to do this if she knows it. Then, at dinner time, one or the other takes a bite and awaits the coming of the other.

"THE baby is a little peach. And he is so good-natured that his nurse has some time to do things for me in the way of mending and things like that.

"My husband and I like simple food, fortunately, and both of us, of course, eschew fattening foods, so that our cook hasn't as hard a time as she would have if we liked rich things to eat. I usually trust her judgment as to what to prepare, and I find servants work better for being left to their own ideas and devices. They want to please you, naturally, and if you praise them for their work, they give you good service.

"Never fuss at servants, I always say. Try to see their side of things. Humor them in their little likes and dislikes. Don't always be hunting for something to find fault about. If I have guests coming, sometimes I order the dinner in the morning. I must say that I don't like marketing, and usually leave that to the cook. She is a very conscientious woman, and won't let me be cheated if she can help it.

"Yes, I do try to give my husband what he likes to eat. And once or

Home of *Barbara La Marr* in *Hollywood,* the film mecca of the *West Coast.*

LIFE of the HOLLYWOOD STARS

screen actress **and** *wife,* **keeps** *Barbara* **can cook as well as** :: *By Grace Kingsley*

twice I have had to give up my preferences entirely. For instance, I like fish, but Jack doesn't. Just the idea of it seems to nauseate him; so we simply don't have fish.

"He likes—corned-beef and cabbage! Isn't that a perfectly awful admission? And can you imagine one of the champ vamps on the screen eating it? But I do, every once in a while! Of course I try to fend off the evil day as long as I can, and to persuade my husband that he likes filet mignon better, and usually I succeed. But there always comes a time, say about once in two months, when I know that corned-beef and cabbage it must be!

"I like my home to be comfortable, but I am not a fussy housekeeper. If there should be a bit of dust on the piano, why I would take a rag and wipe it off myself, instead of fussing at my cook, who also is general housekeeper. She would probably see me, bless her heart, and take the duster out of my hand."

I ASKED Barbara how she managed about her clothes—the ones she uses in pictures and the others.

"Oh, of course these take a great deal of time. They must be just right. I usually have my things made, but sometimes I buy them ready-made. This takes me away from home a great deal and I simply must leave my blessed baby to its nurse. Can you imagine how I"d feel if I thought he were neglected? But I know that he isn't."

In other words, Miss LaMarr is a good housekeeper because she is a good student of human nature.

"You've got to know people, to study your servants the same as you would anybody else,"

Helen Ferguson **and** *Barbara La Marr* **resting together in the latter's home.**

she explained. "Just remember that people who work for you want to be your friends, but that they hate being nagged just as you yourself do. Can you work for a director or an editor who is forever finding fault with you? Certainly not. You've got to be taken on trust sometimes—shown that your employer has faith in you. That's how it is with the people of my household—I don't even like the word 'servant'—we're all servants, one way or another, and making a home comfortable for working people to live in is no easy matter.

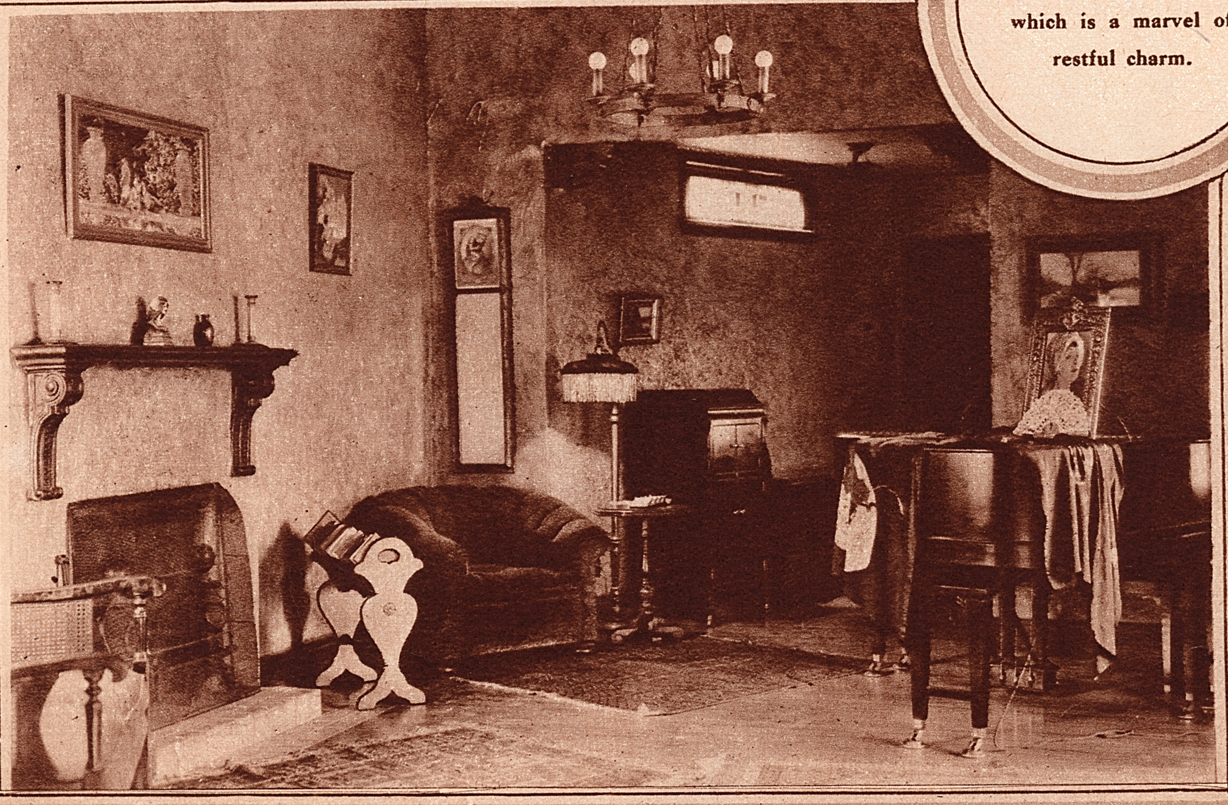
"Can't you imagine how tired and temperamental I am when I come home sometimes at night after a hard days' work? And how patient the people of my household are! How they try to find just what I would like to have done and do it for me, quietly and unobtrusively! Say, that's worth a lot more to me than just being sure that maybe there isn't a speck of dust underneath a rug somewhere!"

I asked about the baby—was he a system baby, and did he keep her awake nights?

No, bless him, he wasn't a system baby! If he wanted to be rocked, he was rocked, that's all. Hang take the old systems that won't let a blessed baby do anything he wanted to!

Was it good for his little nervous system, I asked Barbara, to be trotted out at ten o'clock at night to be exhibited to visitors?

(*Continued on page* 29)



The living room of the *La Marr* home, which is a marvel of restful charm.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

What was there about Hal Kent, the fascinating movie actor, that made him so irresistible to women? As he fought his way up from obscurity to the dazzling heights of screen stardom, love came to him in many different ways, always thrilling, always adventurous . . . But read Kent's own story of his joys and sorrows, told by

HIMSELF

I DON'T know why it is, but women have always played a fateful part in my life, beginning with Laura Carlsen. I met Laura just after I left college, and our love for each other was of the highest, noblest kind. Perhaps if Yvonne Weldon hadn't come into my life just then . . .

Yvonne was an actress, the head of a stock company. She took me to Pittsburgh with her and it was there I got my first taste of the theatre. However, our "affair"—for such it was—was brought to an abrupt ending by the arrival of an elderly man, who, I discovered, supported her. To cover my presence in her rooms, I let her accuse me of being a burglar and permitted myself to be jailed.

I would doubtless have been in jail still, for all the help I got from the ungrateful Yvonne; but, through a strategy, 'Molly Shane,' a fellow-prisoner, and I, escaped.

My next adventure took me into a motion picture company, in the days when movies were new, and laughed at. I found myself limited to small parts, because of the hostility of Lottie Spence, the leading woman. It was here that Kay Inness came into my life, and I learned again that women can be false. Professing her great love for me, Kay persuaded me to give her a letter written by Lottie Spence to the producer's son, which I had come across by accident, and which was certain to cause the star's dismissal. Kay took it to the producer and, sure enough, Lottie was immediately fired and Kay given her role—as she had intended.

But, to my astonishment, Kay induced the producer to discharge me as well. Knowing not where to turn, I went from one picture company to another, all in vain. Luck came to me finally through Vivian Race, who wanted to write scenarios. She took an interest in me, and together we visited the various studios, seeking employment.

IT IS almost painful to look back to the week with its endless discouragements, its bitter defeats, and our indomitable efforts to push our aims to a happy conclusion. Only a young man could have worked as hard as I did, and recovered so easily from such interminable turn-downs.

After a long day of waiting in outer offices, attempting to explain our purposes to some man who thought himself too busy to listen, after being treated like beggars, cranks and book agents, we would drag ourselves back either to her room or mine. I would go out and buy some food and we would eat together, Vivian arranging the meal with quick, deft fingers.

We would discuss plans, weigh possibilities, cheer each other up, and separate with a thousand fresh hopes burning vigorously. But it all seemed to no purpose. We got nowhere.

I heard her voice brokenly: "*Hal, Hal! Kiss me just once. Let me have that to remember you with. It will be so long, Hal.*"

It was the strangest companionship I have ever had with a woman. I liked her sincerely, but I thought of her too much as a friend, and merely that, to dream of making love to her. The mystery of her past, I respected, and since she did not choose to tell me, I did not ask her. But often I would see her looking at me with an odd light in her lucent eyes, and then she would change abruptly and reveal a mood of brusqueness, not without a little strain of sarcasm. There were times when I did not know whether she liked me or hated me.

At the end of ten days we had almost to confess failure. It seemed to me we had been to every studio, great and small, within reach of the city.

"Of course, there's still Dick Carlisle," I said. "If we could get to him." But I spoke gloomily and without enthusiasm.

We were sitting in Vivian's room in Brooklyn. She was resting her chin in her hand and gazing at me out of those inscrutable eyes. Suddenly a queer, sad little smile crossed her face.

"All right, Hal," she said. "I'll go to him, then."

She got up quickly and crossed to the window, looking out. I knew something was troubling her.

"What is it, Vivian?" I asked.

She turned with her strange swiftness of mood.

"Nothing," she replied sharply. "You heard what I said. I'll go to him."

"You'll go to him?" I echoed. "You mean that we——"

"No," she interrupted, almost angrily. "I'll go alone. Then—I'll call you up, and let you know what luck I have had."

While I was still gazing at her in perplexity, she continued: "Don't let's talk of it any more, Hal. I'm sick of it all! We've talked so much about it. Let's just think of other things. I want to be—oh, I want to ask you all sorts of questions that I've never had time to ask, questions about you, and how you happened to become an actor. You know, I don't like actors as a rule, and I've met a few."

If I hadn't grown used to her vagaries and changes of spirit, I think I would have guessed. As it was, I merely noticed that the rest of the evening she seemed very thoughtful, and gentle, and kind.

It was about eleven o'clock the next day that Vivian called me on the phone.

"It's all right, Hal," she said. "I'm speaking from Mr. Carlisle's office. He's going to give you a chance in that first thing of mine. Come around to the office directly after lunch, will you?"

"Vivian," I almost shouted, "how did you do it——"

AND then her voice came to me on a very low note, as if she were speaking from far away: "Good-bye, Hal!"

But I attached no significance to it, and when I called at the Carlisle studio, there was no sign of Vivian and I was ushered into the great producer's office immediately. He looked at me under those brows that have been caricatured a thousand times.

"I am going to try you in a new departure, Mr. Kent," he said. "I'm very much interested, and I will personally supervise the making of the picture. I want to go over the idea with you and gain your opinion as to a possible cast."

I knew then that he was large. It was only the smaller producers who persisted in treating the actor as if he were some necessary but mechanical requirement in the manufacturing of a motion picture.

I listened patiently, but with a good deal of excitement, wondering why Vivian was not there. At last Mr. Carlisle rose to his feet. "I was asked to give this to you," he said, handing a note to me.

I shook hands and left, promising to be ready

for work the very next morning. In the hallway I opened the note. No doubt it was from Vivian to tell me where to meet her. But though it *was* from Vivian, it had a different purport! It ran:

"Dear Hal:
You won't see me again, but I wish you a very great success and know you will have one. I am glad of that. Poor, stupid Hal! You never knew how much I loved you! I shall love you always.
Vivian."

IT HAS often been said that we recognize immediately the presence of love in another for our unworthy selves, and I know that an actor's vanity has been subjected to a good many satirical comments. But, to say the least, I was astonished. I had never thought of Vivian in that light at all, and now all at once a realization of her charm and sweetness rushed over me. So that was the explanation of her moods of irritability the moment she had shown a stray bit of tenderness. She had been afraid to let me see. Her pride had kept her fondness for me hidden. What a fool I had been! Why, I'd been blind! I remembered her goodness, her lively wit, her capability. And I had thought of her, because she happened to be unusually intelligent, with the hearty, unemotional friendship of one man for another!

I did not hesitate. I hurried at once to her Brooklyn room. Arrived there, I learned that Miss Race had left, giving no future address. I returned home, pondering, to my own room.

The next morning I began work on the vehicle that was to start me on the road to an unsuspected fame and fortune. But all the time Vivian was in my thoughts. Where was she? What had happened to her? What was the explanation of her success with Carlisle? For some reason or other I felt that I did not want to ask Carlisle directly, but I saw now that I would have to.

That afternoon I had no work to do, as the cast was merely being assembled and a few studio experts were working on the preliminary details. Carlisle had left after luncheon, and half-suspecting that he had gone to his home, I decided to go to him there. I secured his address—an apartment in a smart section of upper Park Avenue—and started at once.

"No, Mr. Carlisle isn't in," the maid at the door assured me. About to turn away, I heard someone coming down the hall. Then I started. It was Vivian!

I pushed past the astonished maid and stepped inside. In that moment it seemed to me everything was made clear, and I was bitter at this eternal use of sex as a price to be paid.

"So that's it!" I cried excitedly. "That's how you made Carlisle accept your idea and give me my chance! Don't you know that I would rather never have a chance at all than that this should happen!" I broke off helplessly.

She looked at me with a sorrowful air, and her voice was quiet and sad. "You don't understand, Hal," she said very gently. "I am Dick Carlisle's wife."

I STEPPED back in surprise. "Yes," she went on, "I left him, because, oh—we weren't made for each other, that's all. And he's been trying to get me back ever since. I knew he'd do anything I asked him to, if I'd agree to go back, and I did agree, so that I could give you the chance you must have. I don't matter, Hal. I never knew I was going to meet you, dear. But I—I guess I'll never forget you, and I'll always be glad that I have been able to do something for you."

"My God, Vivian!" I cried. "Do you think I'll let you go out of my life like this? Do you think I'll let you sacrifice yourself for me that way? Why, I've been a fool! I didn't realize how much you meant to me!" And then carried away by a mood, I said that which I should never have spoken, for it was, at its best, only a mood: "I love you, Vivian! Get a divorce, and marry me!"

She stared at me with a pale face, and her eyes seemed to glow with sudden warmth.

Carried away by the realization of how much she had sacrificed for me, knowing that she somehow cared for me, I had blurted out my proposal that she divorce Dick Carlisle and marry me, without seriously reckoning the consequences.

But at that moment, as I saw her hesitate, as I saw that she was willing to do this thing, I knew that I had lied when I said that I loved her. She attracted me greatly; I admired her keen intelligence; and I respected the depths of her strange, emotional nature. But I did not love her. I knew that to marry her would prove only a fiasco, that sooner or later she would realize that I could not offer her the love that she seemed ready to offer me.

But I had committed myself. I couldn't draw back, and I shut my eyes to everything except the fact that I must continue the pretense at any cost, rather than wound her. I moved a step forward to take her into my arms, to tell her the lie that attested to my happiness.

At the same instant she drew back and she put up one beautiful, slim hand, graceful and capable, in a gesture of warning. The little glowing light went out of her eyes, and a curiously sad smile curved her lips.

"No, Hal," she said gently. "We'd better not. It will be best if you just go away. I'll stand it. I'll always *have* you, you know, right here in my heart. And I'll be glad to have done something for you. I guess, maybe, it's a woman's career to help a man's career. And I—I'll be all right."

"What do you mean, Vivian?" I faltered.

She smiled again, and she answered: "Why, Hal, it's clear enough! You don't really love me. You only think you do for this moment. And going away with you would smash everything. You may never again get the chance that you're going to get now. You'd have only me. And you'd get tired of me, Hal, since you don't love me. Yes, I know. That way is bitterer than this."

It would have been so easy for me to cry out that she was mistaken, that I loved her completely, and I knew, too, that she half hoped I might do just that. It would be so simple a thing, it wouldn't take much persuasion. But I knew that she had spoken the truth, and that in the end we would both come to a bleak day when the poor little ghost of love had faded, and there would be nothing between us save a memory.

This was the kinder, better thing for both of us: to accept the truth, to get it over and done with forever. And as if in aquiescence, I did not answer. I met her eyes for a moment, caught up my hat, and turned for the door.

It was at the door itself that I heard her quick footsteps, and then her voice brokenly: "Hal, Hal! Kiss me just once! Let me have that to remember you with. It will be so long, Hal!"

So for a moment she was in my arms, and her lips were on mine, and behind them I felt her passion and her sincerity. Then she slipped swiftly from me, and I was there alone and the door was before me. I stepped out miserably into the corridor.

I've put it all down as it happened, not in any spirit of empty vanity, for I've known enough women to realize that most of them merely thought themselves in love with me. But I am grateful for the gift of this one woman's love whose love I could not return, and now in a way I make acknowledgment, though I can never reveal my name.

I RETURNED to the Carlisle studio and threw myself into the making of the picture that was to make *me*. I've never known a personality as extraordinary as Carlisle's. He said little, but his mere presence made you feel his power and his intelligence. I knew, too, that he was aware of how his wife felt regarding me, and yet he never showed, by one act or word, that he differentiated me from any other actor working under his leadership.

At times I would find him staring at me intently with his deeply set eyes, but what he thought, he did not reveal. For my part, proud as I was of the chance to give my best, I was restless under his directorship. I could not forget the woman who had given me this (*Continued on page 25*)

"The men," she stammered, "they have persecuted me, but I—I have fought to keep myself good. And now this *Jacques*—you saw him?"

"WILD ORANGES"

Virginia Valli, as the girl in "Wild Oranges," pleads with Charles A. Post not to leave Frank Mayo on both sides of the boat.

Screen version of short story makes unusual picture—*"Icebound," "Drums of Jeopardy"* and *"Daughters of To-day,"* among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Richard Wickstead

"WILD ORANGES"

A Picture Distinctly Worth Seeing

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast including Frank Mayo, Virginia Valli, Ford Sterling, Nigel de Brullier and Charles A. Post. Produced by Goldwyn. Directed by King Vidor. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Joseph Hergesheimer.

Of all the pictures that have been made during the past year, we think that "Wild Oranges" leads the field in dramatic interest. And this comes very near making "Wild Oranges" one of the best pictures of the year. For if a good picture is one in which the interest never lags, why then this screen version of Joseph Hergesheimer's gripping short story is one of the best of its kind.

It is a story, to begin with, of fear, woman's fear, which the girl in question has inherited from a pacifist father. Its scene is laid on the coast of Florida where, in a ramshackle old house, surrounded by a tangled growth of trees and shrubbery, lives a girl, her father, and a half-witted servant. The servant, it eventually develops, is a homicidal maniac.

And then, into the hushed serenity of these lives comes John Woolfolk on his small yacht, *The Gar.* He sees the white and gleaming body of a woman swimming in the bay and he follows it with his glasses and sees her gain the beach, where a tendril of wood-smoke ascends. He decides to call that evening.

Woolfolk's call, which reveals the terror in which the girl and her feeble old father dwell, at the same time sets in motion the animosity of the demented man servant. A terrific fight between the two men follows, in which the girl conquers her heritage of fear, the maniac is killed, and Woolfolk takes the girl to sea with him and to safety.

It is a closely knit story of rare power, and its direction by King Vidor is at all times excellent. The choice of settings is superb, so that you actually smell the coast of Florida and feel the tragic suspense that broods over the lives of its inhabitants.

Frank Mayo does well in the role of Woolfolk, while Virginia Valli is quite excellent as Millie Stope, the fear-ridden heroine. Charles A. Post, as Nicholas, the half-wit, gives a strong and convincing portrait.

"Wild Oranges" is distinctly a picture not to miss, for it is entertainment with a capital "E" from start to finish.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"ICEBOUND"

A Study in Small Town Hypocrisies

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Helen Dubois, Edna May Oliver, Vera Reynolds, Mary Foy, Joseph Depew, Ethel Wales, Alice Chapin, John Daly Murphy and Frank Shannon. Produced by Paramount, under the direction of William de Mille. From the play by Owen Davis.

"Icebound" is almost a better picture than it was

A bottle in the hand of *Richard Dix* is something, in this instance, to arouse curiosity. Here you see him eyeing *Lois Wilson* suspiciously in a scene from "Icebound."

A drama of Stark Terror

a play, and this, when you consider that the play was a prize-winner, is saying quite a good deal. It seems that in its screen form the story moves along more naturally than it did upon the stage, gaining thereby a greater power to compel conviction. As a picture, "Icebound" is about as much like life as any picture could be. Which is the best thing we can say about it.

Do you live in a small town? Do you know the life—the life of a remote little New England hamlet where people live little, ingrown lives? This is the setting of "Icebound," when the first scene discloses a boy returned from the trenches to a household that is torn by family strife over an impending inheritance. An aged mother lies dying, and it is the wonderment and dispute of the Jordan family as to whom she will leave her money.

Contrary to expectations, however, the dead woman wills her worldly goods to an outsider—a girl who is a foster child of the family's and not a favorite, either, with any save the dead testator. It develops then that the girl loves the ne'er-do-well son, the ex-soldier, who is permitted to remain on at the farm to square himself for a scrape which he got into before he went away to war. These two roles are played respectively by Lois Wilson and Richard Dix and the picture closes with a pleasing happy ending.

Both Mr. Dix and Miss Wilson are splendid in their roles of wastrel and orphan. The rest of the cast, particularly Alice Chapin, is adequate, and "Icebound" is a wonderfully good picture—not the best of the year, but at the same time a very long way from the worst.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

"DRUMS OF JEOPARDY"
A Fast-Moving Screen Meller

Presented by Truart, with a cast including Elaine Hammerstein, Wallace Beery, Maude George and Jack Mulhall. Directed by Edward Dillon, from the novel by Harold McGrath.

If you like melodrama of crown jewels and crooks, you'll be pretty certain to like "Drums of Jeopardy." It is the sort of story you used to read in the days when George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" was a household word, and if you don't mind a rather loose logic in the manner in which the sequences are strung together, you'll find "Drums of Jeopardy" tolerably good entertainment.

It's a far cry, however, from "Wild Oranges." In the Hergesheimer story we have life in all its tragic aspects, whereas in the Harold McGrath yarn we have a story-book version of life that is about as highly colored as the cover of an old-time dime novel. It's a struggle for the jewels from first to last, and somehow you have the comforting assurance from the first that the villain is going to be foiled. The villain (and there is more than one) constitutes a band of crooks who are trying to get possession of two beautiful emeralds, that were formerly the Russian crown jewels. The jewels have been willed to an American lad named Hawksley, by a Russian duke, and it is the effort of a gentleman named Karlov to separate Hawksley from the jewels which provides the story with most of its plot. A love story winds its ingenious way through the plot in the form of Dorothy Barrows who is the daughter of the banker in whose care Hawksley left the jewels. How Barrows is killed by Karlov and then how Karlov is trapped by Dorothy, furnish part of the thrills in this ingenious melodrama. And if you like melodrama, you'll like "Drums of Jeopardy."

Elaine Hammerstein makes a beautiful and appealing figure of the girl who loves Hawksley, and the latter is well played by Jack Mulhall. Wallace Beery is a capable villain.

Patsy Ruth Miller makes an adorable flapper in *"Daughters of Today."*

Even a villain is at times disconcerted. Note the chagrin of *Wallace Beery* when confronted by *Elaine Hammerstein* in *"Drums of Jeopardy."*

"DAUGHTERS OF TODAY"
Story of Wild Modern Youth

Presented by Selznick, with a cast including Ralph Graves, Patsy Ruth Miller, Edna Murphy, Zasu Pitts, Edward Hearn, Truman Vandyke, Phillips Smalley, H. J. Hobart, Philo McCullough, Fontaine La Rue and Marjorie Bonner. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon from the story by Lucien Hubbard.

When Rachel Crothers wrote "Nice People," she started something that isn't finished yet. She started an epidemic of wild youth plays that has its latest expression in "Daughters of Today," which we saw recently in a Broadway theatre. Again it's a case of being good for those who like it. Personally, we think it comes near being the bunk. However, it's always pleasant to look at pretty girls on the screen, and when this attraction is coupled with all the impediments of a modern carefree youth, such as bathing parties *au natural*, one is constrained to sit up and take added notice. So far as the wildness of youth is concerned, "Daughters of Today" leaves nothing to the imagination. It's wilder than the oranges in the new Goldwyn picture.

A little country lass, if you would know the plot, drifts cityward, and, owing to her inordinate love for jazz, gets into some wild company. The little urban innocents lead the country lass a merry chase, which culminates in her being pursued rather successfully by the villain, until her mother appears upon the scene and nurses the little country lass back to health. And then the sweet, rural charm of the mother reforms the whole flapper crew, who at last see the error of their ways.

Patsy Ruth Miller is the little country lass and Ralph Graves plays honest Jack, the hero. The remainder of the cast is adequate, but the direction is at times a little bit excessive, we feel, in the effort to get the proper "jazz" effect. Less would have been plenty.

By Divine Right

To a man who had been wronged and a girl who had suffered came love at last. Read this gripping fictionization of the *Film Booking Office's* screen version of *Adam Hull Shirk's* novel, *"The Way Men Love"* :: By Charles Warnerby

FARROL had indeed vanished. His form materialized, it seemed, before both Mildred and Trent, had faded as suddenly as it had appeared, and Mildred found herself wondering if she could have been mistaken in imagining she had seen it. But then, she reasoned, Trent, too, had seen the apparition and had been frustrated in his design—to her intense relief.

The entrance of the man into the lodging house where she lived and his gaining access to her room filled her with a sense of outrage. The timely appearance of Farrol's spirit (or was it only a trick of her imagination?) had saved her from the further advances of Trent.

Her acquaintance with the man since the time when she had repulsed his approaches as his secretary and fled from his employ to the shelter of the little mission over which Farrol presided, had been a source of intense repugnance to her. Her repugnance, however, had changed to hate following the fire in the mission and the accusation of Trent's henchmen that Farrol had caused its origin.

And then to add still further to her case against her erstwhile employer, had come Farrol's railroading to prison convicted of arson, and his subsequent leap to freedom and his return to the world of living men as Trent's secretary.

Mildred could not understand Farrol's attitude in regard to Trent—his desire to help the man out of the "mental swamp," as he phrased it, in which Trent lived. Mildred would have preferred to see her e-employer, who had tried so repeatedly to accomplish her ruin, drawn and quartered, and she believed she could have enjoyed the spectacle.

BUT Farrol, rather, preferred to reform the man, Mildred concluded, and she imagined that this in turn traced to the religious sense in the man that had made him, when they first met, the leader of a slum's mission. It was perplexing to Mildred. She could not understand him. He was so tolerant, yet she knew he could be like flint. In any event, she knew that she loved him and always would love him till death did them part.

She retired at length, after bolting her door, and dreamed that she was present in the home of the Trent's during the entertainment that celebrated their wedding anniversary. And standing back of everything—as shadowy as a ghost—stood the form of Farrol, just as he had stood when he had seemed to appear before both of them in her room an hour gone.

* * * * * * *

At the Trent's directly following the departure of Trent himself for Mildred's lodging, the entertainment started, which consisted in part of a Chinese orchestra playing weird Oriental melodies. Farrol had remained in the background throughout the dinner, playing the inconspicuous part of an employee. His mind, however, had been occupied with Mildred, and he had missed keenly her presence at the Trents. He knew full well, though, the reason for her absence.

Alone during the earlier part of the evening, Farrol had amused himself in conversation with little Gladys, the Trent's baby girl. The child had taken a great liking to Farrol, showing him her dollies and displaying toward him all the fondness which children are wont to display for those they like.

Her bed hour, however, came early in the evening, and she raised her little face for Farrol to kiss good-night.

"Where's my daddy?" she asked, as her eyes roamed for a glimpse of her father.

Farrol had not seen Trent leave; he knew only that he had been absent for several minutes.

"Daddy will see you later, dear," he said gently, and, reassured, the child went upstairs with her nurse.

Farrol turned to watch a spectacle of Oriental dancing in the Trent drawing room, fascinated by the weird strains of the far eastern music.

A strange sense of impending disaster had come over him—psychic as he was—and he wondered if, possibly, the weird Oriental music could account for it. He wandered to a window casement at a far end of the room, where he could look out upon the darkened street. He stood there a moment, the vague sense of gloom still enshrouding him, then straightened suddenly as though he had been shot.

PAST the window against which he leaned had dropped a little white figure from the floor—presumably—above. In a flash of perception he realized that the tiny white form was the Trent child. Instantly Farrol swung back the long French windows and leaped to the ground beneath, where a little huddled figure of a child in a white night dress lay motionless. She had fallen, he realized instantly, from the balustrade above.

Lifting the child in his arms, Trent raised the small body until his lowered head was pressed against its breast. A faint pulsation of life reassured him that the child still lived. Turning toward the main entrance of the house, he bore the child swiftly in through the hushed and horrified guests and on up to her room, adjoining her mother's, on the floor above.

Mrs. Trent, her face grief-stricken, came quickly after him. Farrol laid the small form on the bed and again felt for its heart beats. The pulsation was regular though faint, and Farrol, with an inner sense of such things, knew the child would live.

"Oh, my baby! My baby!" sobbed Mrs. Trent distractedly.

Farrol laid a quieting hand upon her arm. "She will be all right," he said gently.

The tiny lips of the little child, that were white and bloodless, fluttered slightly, and Farrol bent his head to hear what she was saying.

"Daddy!" the little voice said faintly, and then the lips were still again.

(*Continued on page 30*)

The eyes of the girl rose adoringly to the face of the man she loved. He drew her close to him and his lips for the first time met hers.

Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan deny their Engagement

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan both deny that there is anything in their reported engagement. (That's the thing to do in Hollywood, you know.)

"Of course I admire Baby Peggy very much," said Jackie. "Everybody does; and I'm sure I should feel much flattered if I thought she liked me—in that way, you know—but I'm sure she does not. The extent of my attentions has been to bring her a fairy tale book and make mud pies with her; but I am sure that she has no feeling toward me other than friendship."

"Why, the idea!" exclaimed Baby Peggy. "I'm sure that Jackie does not love me, and even if he did, don't you think we are both too young to think of marriage? I must make a real star of myself before I think of love. I can't think where that rumor could have started. *Although*—there is a certain other little girl star who loves to gossip, and who may have started the story. You know, you simply can't be seen out with a friend without its being talked about in Hollywood, and Jackie and I did go to dancing school together one day last week!"

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Barbara's Marital Troubles Again

Poor Barbara La Marr and her husband, Jack Dougherty, are going to have to live apart, according to advice of their lawyers, during the pending of the action of Ben Deely, Miss La Marr's former husband.

It does seem as if poor Barbara is never really to know whether she has a husband or not. If she isn't separated and divorced, then some former husband bobs up to tell her she really belongs to him, and cannot lawfully live with her present one.

Miss La Marr and Mr. Dougherty have been ideally happy, and it does seem a pity that they should have so much trouble. But then, the course of true love never did run smooth.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Harold Lloyd to Make a Domestic Picture

Having just completed a year of very happy married life with his former leading lady, Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd now feels qualified to make a picture on the domestic theme. That the picture will be a comedy, speaks volumes for the success of his own marital venture.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Dorothy Phillips Brings Her Daughter Home

We are happy to say that we have heard from Dorothy Phillips. Miss Phillips, widow of the late well-known director, Alan Holubar, has been in the east ever since the death of her husband. She visited New York and Baltimore, her old home.

The little daughter of the Holubars, Phyllis, who has made her home with her grandmother in Baltimore, is to remain in Hollywood with her mother.

"I have always longed to have my little girl with me," said Miss Phillips, "but you see, mother took her when she was a baby, when my husband and I were traveling on the road in different plays, and my mother became so attached to the child that of late years, after we got into pictures and could have had her with us, I felt that it would be really cruel to take Phyllis from mother. Now, however, I am alone, and feel that I simply must have my little girl with me."

It was certainly a sad homecoming for Miss Phillips, and all Hollywood extends its sympathy to her. She is planning to return to her work, and have a home, if possible, with her daughter.

Baby Peggy in *"Darling of New York"* is fishing for something, but she denies that it's for *Jackie Coogan.*

Lon Chaney's Son Has Appendicitis

Speaking of children, Lon Chaney's young son, Creighton Chaney, has just been operated on for appendicitis.

The young boy is in attendance at college, and is said to have studied unusually hard in order to get ahead so that he could have the operation performed without losing any credits. His dad says the boy shall go on the stage if he likes, but he doesn't feel particularly enthusiastic about his son's taking up a career which he himself found so thorny.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Alice Lake Will Be Married Soon

Alice Lake is going to be married!

The announcement came from Alice herself, who stated that she was going to marry a well-known New York actor, Robert Williams, in the near future.

The romance began only a few weeks ago, when the pair met at a party out in Hollywood. They began going about together, and have only just decided to wed.

Already Miss Lake has had a test of her devotion to her fiance. He was taken ill a week ago, and Miss Lake has been caring for him all the while ever since. He was threatened with pneumonia, but careful nursing has restored his health.

Just when the wedding will take place isn't certain yet, but it will probably be somewhere within a month or two.

Miss Lake says she is not going to abandon her screen work, however, but the pair will buy a home in Hollywood, even though she has to be separated from her husband a part of the year, when he is playing on the road.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

William Farnum Comes Back

William Farnum's beautiful home on top of a Hollywood hill is being opened in anticipation of the star's return to California, under his contract with Lasky. The contract, just signed, is a long-term one.

The Farnum house has been closed for some time, while the star, in the East, has been vacationing. His wife and daughter will occupy the place with him. And then there's an old sheep dog, devoted to Farnum, that the servants have a hard time getting to eat when his master is away, and that will pick up flesh now.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

News of a Dog Romance

It is said that Strongheart and Lady Jule, the latter in private life Mrs. Strongheart, lately came near to an estrangement. The trouble was a bit of fluffy doghood in the dog show in New York. However, for the sake of the Stronghearts' ten children, the matter was hushed up.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The Brulatours Honeymooning

Hope Hampton and her new husband, Jules Brulatour, are honeymooning all over Europe, in an extended trip that includes all the big cities, all the ruins, and everything. A postcard from Athens recently came from Miss Hampton to David Balch, the editor of Movie Weekly.

"Having a great time," Hope wrote, in the usual postcard manner, "trip is most interesting, but weather has been very cold. We go to Constantinople from here. Jules joins me in sending good wishes." HOPE HAMPTON.

Probably when Hope shows her lovely face in Constantinople, all the Turks will up and leave their harems flat

What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I sincerely admire your co-operative spirit. So few realize the road to success is paved with candid criticism, humble suggestions and the "common touch."

I blushingly confess my incompetency as a critic, but will beg your attention for a few minutes to one or two little comments. I heartily dislike the melodramatic fiction you publish. It lends a cheap, tawdry appearance to an otherwise well-groomed magazine. Either pluck the dirty rose from the hat, remove the moth-eaten boa, and dust the shoes; or else don the grease-stained jacket, the long earrings, paint her face and turn her loose. These stories have no redeeming features.

Interviews make the best reading matter. There's nothing the public "laps" up like a little heart-to-heart chat with its favorite star. Let the artists speak to their public through the medium of your paper. As an example, I will cite Patsy Ruth Miller's charming tete-a-tete, also Mr. Thomas Meighan's, which you recently published. There have been many others.

The crying need in every publication today is sincere, fearless criticism. I can truthfully say that Movie Weekly comes nearer giving it than any other. We poor mortals all love praise and NEED encouragement, but it's honest criticism that gives us the greates taid in attaining our goal.

To summarize this medley into a theme of suggestion, I would say:

Cut out the melodrama.

Give us interviews.

Give us articles from the stars.

Give us a directory of pictures worth seeing, and tell the ones that are poor.

Give us more literature on the type of "Whispers the Film Flapper," etc.

News from the coast, what they are doing, etc.

Give us a little technical matter. How they photograph through glass. How a double exposure is made, etc.

There are a million and one things we would love to know.

Hoping I have not usurped too much of your valuable time,

FRANCES LOUIS.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Your most interesting number of March 1st has been read, and, in my case, at least, your suspicions are incorrect: just "being a woman" doesn't necessarily make me want to read a magazine back end foremost. I begin, as a sensible woman should, at the beautiful cover (most especially beautiful in the February 23rd issue, for there lies the secret of my heart). Then I get to the goal quickest that way, since anything about Rudy is sure to come first or nearly so.

I am interested in what you say of Valentino and especially in his account of his trip abroad, for he is my favorite young actor. Here let me thank you for your fine and fair way of handling his affairs from the time the first cloud appeared upon his horizon.

It is your human, kindly pen pictures of the movie actors in general that have raised them in our estimation from men and women to be shunned (such was their reputation), to beings almost upon a pedestal above us. Now, what mother would decline to have her daughter meet Thomas Meighan, or many others of the fine men of whom you write? *To me this is the finest thing you have done*—to have endowed screen folks with character and integrity.

I know you will agree with me that some of the stories are trashy—even so, they are enjoyed by some of your readers. Since all classes buy the Movie Weekly, what may appeal to one may not to another.

I have enjoyed "The Home Life of Hollywood Stars"; Thomas Meighan's "The Woman I Could Love"; the story of the Prince of Wales; Bebe Daniel's views on Marriage; "What Our Readers Think of Us"—in short, almost everything that comes between the covers of Movie Weekly. I do not presume to make a suggestion for improvement for it seems to meet the taste of the general public.

C. L. W.

"Black as night." *Colleen Moore* **in silhouette as the tomboy heroine of** *"Painted People."*

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

Do you know that there is a prime reason why people buy magazines? There is one special attraction above all the others that tempts the reader to purchase his periodical. This desire to buy a magazine chiefly because it contains some article that stands out especially is, I believe, universal.

Movie Weekly's power to attract me is John W. Vandercook's reviews of the latest motion pictures, the most interesting of all. To other readers of Movie Weekly the one and only may be the story of Rudolph Valentino's trip abroad, or "The Home Life of the Hollywood Screen Stars," "Whispers of the Film Flapper," "Reel Dope," "Chit Chat," "The Colonel," etc.; each one, if the truth were known, holds for some reader the article he likes best to read.

The reason I like to read the criticisms of the current releases by Mr. Vandercook is that I am a student writer of the photoplay and these reviews help me with my work. After all, the story is the body to a photoplay's success, better stories, better movies; if the story is poor or mediocre, the whole fabrication falls flat. This condition of going to see a greatly advertised picture and coming away disappointed to my mind is more detrimental to the motion picture industry than all the censorship combined. (*Continued on page* 30)

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Mae Murray tells a good one about her colored man, Ephriam, whom she has had for years to work about her house and grounds. While Mae was making "Fashion Row," her newest picture, Ephriam appeared before her one day with a clean collar, his best coat and all his dignity.

"Why, Ephriam," exclaimed Miss Murray at sight of him, "aren't you working today?"

"No'm, I'se celebrating my golden weddin', ma'am."

"But where's your wife? Isn't she celebrating?"

"Oh, no'm," explained Eph with dignity. "This ain't her anniversary. She's my fourth."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Milton Sills, it seems, need not to be afraid to go on a dark night through any lonely spot you can mention. If anyone starts anything around Milton, he's right there with a fistic come-back. At least, if reputation means anything.

It was during the filming of "Flowing Gold" that Jules Cowles, screen bad man, was told the worst. Milton, they said, was to take one good, whole-souled wallop at Jules. The bad man's face blanched perceptibly.

"What's the matter?" they asked him, "aren't you game?"

"Sure, I'm game," he replied quickly, "but Sills had to soak me in a picture back in New York once and I can feel it yet."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Cullen Landis, in an off-moment during the filming of "The Man Life Passed By," was requested by a friend to accompany him on an automobile ride. Suddenly they stopped before a doctor's door and the friend motioned Cullen to follow him. The doctor answered the bell.

"I just called," explained Cullen's friend, "to tell you how much I appreciate your treatment."

"But I am not your doctor, sir," the physician assured him.

"No," the young man answered, gravely, "but you were my uncle's and I am his heir."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

There's nothing gullible about Jackie Coogan. You can't tell him anything and expect him to swallow it whole. For instance, one day during the making of "Long Live the King," he sprung this one on his father.

"Dad," said he, "teacher tells me we are here to help others."

"Yes," his father agreed, "I guess that's so."

"Well, then, what are the others here for?" Jackie demanded.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Buster Keaton and his brother-in-law, Joseph Schenck, producer of Buster's pictures, were standing in front of a Los Angeles theatre observing the sign, "Closed for Alterations," when a man approached them.

"Who's the star of that there picture?" the man demanded.

"Who's star of what?" asked Mr. Schenck.

"The picture you got in there—'Closed for Alterations.'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Viola Dana's favorite story is the one about Si and Hi, who were both courting the same widow.

Hi, it seems, had his picture taken, showing him sitting astride a mule. When they called at the widow's house, he displayed the photograph. Si stood gazing at it.

"That's a good photo of me, ain't it?" asked Hi.

"Wal," said Si, "it looks something like you —but who the deuce is that man sitting on your back?"

The Reel Dope

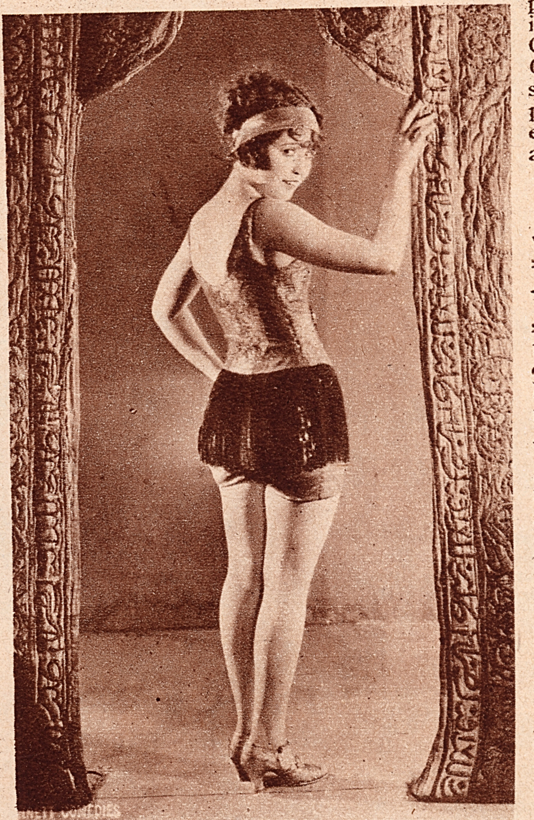
Paramount has a bulging cupboard full of new films ready to be released in quick succession in the near future. They are: William S. Hart in "Singer Jim McKee"; "Icebound," a William de Mille production; Walter Hiers in "Fair Week"; Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal"; "Magnolia," a James Cruze production; Pola Negri in "Montmartre"; "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," a George Melford production; Thomas Meighan in "Write Your Own Ticket"; "Triumph," a Cecil B. de Mille production; "The Breaking Point," a Herbert Brenon production; "Bluff," a Sam Wood production; "Wanderer of the Wasteland," an Irvin Wallat production; Pola Negri in "Men"; Dorothy Dalton in "The Moral Sinner"; Leatrice Joy in "Take It or Leave It"; "The Code of the Sea," a Victor Fleming production; and "In the First Degree," a William de Mille production.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Peter Pan," Sir James Matthew Barrie's famous fantastic play, is soon to be made into a movie, 'tis rumored. Famous Players control the film rights to all Barrie's plays and will let them out gradually. No cast has been selected for "Peter" as yet.

◈ ◈ ◈

Leatrice Joy is to be starred. Her first vehicle will be "Worldly Goods," from a Sophie Kerr story which recently appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Triumph," in which she is a mere leading lady, will appear first, however.



When *Mack Sennett* began *"Picking Peaches,"* he picked this one, little *Miss Thelma Hill,* from *Kansas.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Constance Talmadge's next screen opus, following her sally into the serious drama with "The Goldfish," will be "Heart Trouble," from W. Somerset Maugham's play, "Penelope."

◈ ◈ ◈

Dorothy Devore, familiar to followers of the two-reel comedy movie products, is to be starred in Christie Comedies in two big features, it is announced.

Remember Al Jolson's sudden defection from the D. W. Griffith feature-film in which the famous music-hall comedian was to be starred? He simply ran away and wouldn't come back. The film's title was "His Darker Self." Well, Lloyd Hamilton has filled Al's shoes, the picture has been completed and is soon to be released. In the supporting cast are Lucille la Verne and Tom O'Malley. Hamilton wears blackface make-up throughout.

◈ ◈ ◈

A new color process perfected in England has made it possible to take tropical news reels in natural color tones. The process was invented by Claude Friese-Greene and seems more practical in execution than any heretofore.

◈ ◈ ◈

After four weeks' intensive work, Jackie Coogan's most recent screen production, "The Boy of Flanders," has been completed and Jackie is ready for a good long rest. He has been limited to two pictures annually, you know.

◈ ◈ ◈

Rupert Hughes has finished his cinema presentation, "True as Steel," and it is soon to be released.

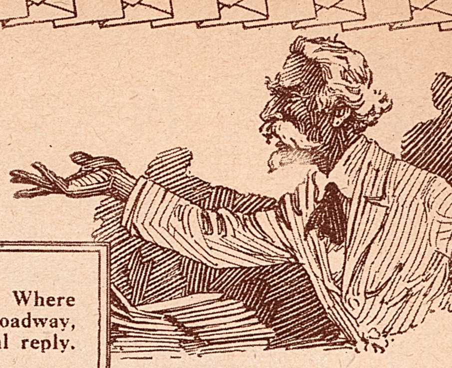
◈ ◈ ◈

Mae Busch finds that life has its little discouragements, even for a picture star. The other day, while working before the camera, she had to jump fifteen feet into the Pacific—and now Mae is looking for the man who started that expression, "playing in pictures."

◈ ◈ ◈

William V. Mong, without meaning to be boastful, modestly admits that he can claim the working record for 1923. For during the fifty-two weeks of that year, he worked fifty-five of them. Sounds a little deep, doesn't it? But the fact remains that the actor's services were in such great demand that he worked in several pictures at once, and for three weeks of the year he drew pay from two productions.

Thomas Meighan Is Floretta's Favorite



ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

FLORETTA HARDY — So Thomas Meighan is your favorite male star? He is forty, is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 and has black hair and brown eyes. Write him at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-seven, is 5 feet 3, weighs 112 and has brown hair and blue eyes. She recently finished "A Society Scandal," and is now working on "Manhandled."

A DUMBBELL — I've always been told it's good for one to get out and exercise with a dumb-bell, so I suppose you have lots of invitations to go skating. I think Huntley Gordon is married. He plays first with one company and then another, but you might try to reach him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. His latest picture is "Shadows of Paris." Same address for Agnes Ayres and Richard Dix.

JACKIE—And you have a crush on Arthur Rankin? In other words, he's your ranking favorite. Arthur Rankin was born in New York; he is in his early twenties. Lew Cody lives at 1979 Grace Ave., Los Angeles. Bert Lytell has been abroad, playing in "A Son of the Sahara," but you might write to his home, the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood. Neely Edwards lives at 6425 Yucca Ave., Los Angeles. Barbara La Marr's address is 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. The poem [illegible] sent makes me envy your Carolina climate.

SONJA—Forrest Stanley is a blonde, and in his thirties. He and his wife, Marion Hutchins, live at 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

MAILMAN—You wouldn't want to be the mailman in this office, with the load of letters he staggers in with. Priscilla Dean is in her late twenties. She is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman and lives at 5611 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

M. E. C.—Three hoots for Hoot! Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. His address is Universal City, Cal.

A CROSS-EYED FAN—Then, of course, your favorite is Ben Turpin. Pola Negri is twenty-nine and is divorced from Count Dombski. Carmel Myers is divorced from Isadore Kornblum. Yes, she is Jewish. Miss Dupont's real name is Margaret Armstrong. Yes, some of the stars get $5,000 a week, some as much as $10,000, and some as little as $1,000.

SARA-ETTE — And you'd like to have me for your dad, with Viola Dana as your sister? Can't I help in selecting the relatives? Robert Agnew's latest picture is "Love's Whirlpool." John Harron is about twenty-four. Gloria Swanson has been married twice. Her latest husband—now divorced—was Herbert Somborn.

A MOVIE FAN—Well, you know, as much as I like to oblige you, it isn't so simple to publish your favorites' pictures in exactly the issue you suggest. Remember that all the other readers are hollering for pictures of other stars. Kenneth Harlan's picture was published in Movie Weekly for August 11, 1923. He is twenty-nine and is divorced from Flo Hart. Constance Talmadge is divorced from John Pialoglou; she is twenty-four. Anna Q. Nilsson is Mrs. John Gunnerson.

Georgia Hale is all dolled up. *Miss Hale* is a beauty contest winner playing in *"Reno."*

CONTRARY MARY — Bebe Daniels is not married. Write her for her picture at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood—also Betty Compson. Betty is about twenty-five.

NOLUCK—Well, I'd rather have no luck than bad luck. Yes, Andree Lafayette returned to France; there is no immediate prospect of her playing in any more American pictures. Irene Delroy hasn't signed up with any picture company yet.

LORD FAUNTLEROY — Yes, indeed, I got your telegram. I thought I was being notified that my aunt died and left me some money. However, she's a nice aunt. Viola Dana is twenty-six.

JEAN—I am sure you will learn to speak English beautifully; you have done so well with it in the short time you have been here. Yes. Pola Negri is learning our language very fast. She is working now at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood in "Men."

MISS FORGET-ME-NOT—No —worse luck!—Marguerite Clark no longer plays on the screen or stage. She was married about five years ago to H. Palmerston Williams and retired from the screen shortly afterwards. She is now one of the social leaders in New Orleans. May McAvoy is engaged to Glenn Hunter. She is twenty-three. Constance Binney plays in very few pictures. At present she is playing in "Sweet Little Devil," a Broadway musical comedy.

CATNIP — So you think I wouldn't answer questions if I didn't like to! But one must eat! Ruth Roland is thirty-one; her address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Pearl White is thirty-four; she seems to be about through with pictures.

J. W.—What a lot of addresses you want! Are you planning to publish a screen directory? Lionel Barrymore, Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. Buck Jones lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles, and Frank Mayo at 1708 Franklin Ave., Hollywood. Carmel Myers, 1633 Carson Ave., Hollywood.

S. R.—Valentino's hobbies are dancing and horseback riding.

BILL DEFREY—As to how old Zane Grey is—I have a hard enough time keeping track of the actors' ages, without worrying about authors as well. The leading woman in "Clay Dollars" was Ruth Dwyer. Eugene O'Brien is forty-one.

STUPIDITY — A shower of questions, you say. Well, this is the month for showers. Richard Dix is thirty and 6 feet; Norman Kerry, 6 feet 2; Conway Tearle, 42 and 5 feet 11; Conrad Nagel, 29 and 6 feet; Monte Blue is 6 feet 3, and 34. Pola Negri and Corinne Griffith, 5 feet 4; Constance Talmadge is 5 feet 5.

FUNNY ME—Isn't it nice you amuse yourself? No, I won't tell you Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are engaged if it's going to break your heart. They don't admit the engagement. Richard is going to edit an issue of Movie Weekly very soon. Write to Ben Lyon for his photo at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; also Baby Peggy. Creighton Hale lives at 1762 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles.

LILLUMS — Rudolph Valentino now lives in New York. You can only reach him through the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

RADIO WAVE—Of course I won't faint because you wrote in pencil. "Faint heart never won fair lady," you know. Jackie Coogan was born in Los Angeles. Ethel Clayton hasn't played on the screen in about a year, but has recently signed up with Grand-Asher to make pictures again. Theodore Roberts is married.

SADIE THOMPSON—Herbert Rawlinson lives at 1735 Highland St., Los Angeles; Pauline Garon at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles; Eleanor Boardman, 1602 Vista Del Mar, Hollywood, and Estelle Taylor, 2023 Cahuenga Ave., Los Angeles. Herbert Rawlinson recently married Loraine Abigail Long. The others are not married.

NO-NO-NORA — No, Johnny Walker is not married. Ivor Novello is English. Gloria Swanson is American, of Swedish descent.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page* 17)

chance at the price of her own desires. I determined that at the first opportunity I would enlist in another company.

The opportunity was barely a few months distant. I could not foresee that in that short time I was to jump from the position of an obscure actor into a name and face that would be known the world over. But that very first release, with its new note of simplicity, its touch of character, and the atmosphere which most humble families visualize as a goal of success, met with bewildering acclaim! I was literally showered with offers, and I did not hesitate to thank Carlisle for his generosity, say good-by, and sign a long-term contract with another producer.

THE strangest thing to me about the three years that followed was the quick way in which I became used to fame, money, and all the good things that the world has to give. I would certainly have thought, if I had been told in advance of my rise, that I would never recover from the wonder of it. The actual fact is, that within a few short months I was used to all the changes which my success had brought me, and found that life itself was in no way changed.

I met the batallions of photographers as part of my job. I bought an immense wardrobe of suits, hats, sticks, cravats, shoes and fopperies, because my press agent pointed out that my public demanded it. I made "personal appearances," was invited to participate in more banquets than I could have eaten in twenty years, and received enough mail of enough kinds to have turned my hair grey with the reading of it. Fortunately I had a secretary to attend to that.

They wrote to me from all parts of the world and in all ways, and nearly all languages. They were not all fan letters, either! Some attacked me violently; others begged and told stories of pitiful want; and more than I can count asked me to use my influence to obtain for them a place in the movies.

Interviewers swarmed about my doorstep. I could not indulge in any simple act—even if it were taking a bath!—without having cameras leveled on me. My name was connected in gossip with a new actress every other month, and a good many times I knew the actress in question only slightly or but by sight. I realized at last that I had no private life. I must live in public, for the public wanted to know about me.

Something of that furor has since died down. A dozen newer sensations have appeared, but, thanks to good direction and the little staff of writing men and studio experts who have gathered around me, I have had the good luck to retain the affection of a public that is only too quick to grow tired of a familiar face.

No, I am not going to talk here of those three years that saw me launched into an astonishing celebrity, years in which I found I could scarcely go to a distant city without attracting a crowd, and learned why it is that kings like to travel incognito. I do not feel that my experiences were in any vast way different from the experiences of the majority of popular film actors, and the public is already acquainted with such details as I could set down.

NOR is it my purpose to write anything of the contracts and companies and methods, the queer tangles of this mushroom profession, for it seems to me that they differ very little from the stories that may be told of any new business.

It is my life that I want to put down here, that life of mine which was never told by any press agent, or to any interviewer, and which blundered through somehow to a happiness that I never cease believing I do not deserve.

But there were dark chapters ahead of me, misery and defeat and folly, for fame and money do not mean that one is saved from wretchedness. And I come now to that episode of my career which was more than an episode, and which haunts me as the darkest of all my experiences.

It is not known. It never can be known. There is no means of blackmailing me for the thing that happened. And it happened to me, oddly enough, through my attempt to do something finer than the things I had done and make a truce with my own conscience.

I had never forgotten little Laura Carlsen, with her sweet and innocent simplicity, but she had disappeared so completely that I felt at last I would never see her again. I pictured her in a thousand situations, but most of all I thought of her as married, with a home and children perhaps, and never a thought for the man who long ago had loved her and proved faithless to that love.

But her image was engraved so deeply on my heart that I knew, almost by instinct, that to marry any other woman would be disastrous. I told myself I was hopelessly a bachelor, in spite of the part that women must always play in my life. I could feel the sway of a brief attraction, but I knew that I could never keep faith through long years with one woman. Better, then, that I should never marry.

And yet I did. And the way marriage came to me is the strangest of all the things which I recall.

It was in the summer of the fourth year of my success that I went abroad. I have always loved Paris, and there, under an assumed name, I meant to pass three or four weeks of complete quiet. I told my managers and agents that I did not intend to be bothered. Contracts, discussions of new pictures, all the monument of details that constantly called for decisive action, could go hang! I'd worked hard, and I meant to have a vacation.

MY FIRST week in Paris passed just as I had planned it. Except for, now and then, an occasional stare from a passerby, I realized that I was unrecognized, and living under my temporary name, I basked in the freedom of obscurity for a little space.

It was all so peaceful and pleasant. There were one or two friends abroad whom I saw, but I told them of my desire for complete rest, and they respected my wishes. I lived alone in a small suite at one of the less prominent hotels, and followed my own whims. In the afternoons I would sit at a cafe table, sipping an *aperitif*, and turning over the pages of an illustrated paper. In the evenings I would drop in at some small theatre, or else wander into some cabaret and be entertained for a time instead of entertaining.

There were long drives I took, breakfasts at Acmenonville, solitary excursions through Montmartre. And in all that time I kept away from the slightest intimacy with any woman, for I'd seen more women in the last few years than I liked. I wanted the contrast of loneliness.

But I wasn't to enjoy it long, and circumstance suddenly took a hand in my affairs with amazing results.

I had dropped in at a little cafe one evening, and taken a quiet table in a corner. On a kind of dais in the front of the room, a woman was singing, in an atmosphere of *bocks* and cigarette smoke, to the crowd of cheerful but unprosperous seeming students.

She had a thin, somewhat sallow face with straight black hair parted oddly down upon her head. Her eyes were large and seemed to glitter with light. They were inscrutable, too. I judged her a descendant of some exotic race, Spanish, perhaps, or a Greek girl blended with Levantine. As I looked at her curiously, her eyes flashed upon me.

For a moment I thought I was recognized, but the next instant I was sure I was not. She betrayed no sign of ever having seen my face, but there was an odd look, as if of appeal, in her eyes.

She concluded her song, there was a round of applause interspersed with chattering voices, the sound of glasses thumped on the table, students laughing uproariously over some joke of their own. I saw the singer step down from her platform. At the same instant, a man, young, dark as herself, and smiling crookedly, leaped up from beside the dais and confronted her. I saw her speak, swiftly, with an abundance of extravagant gesture. He made a movement of his clenched fist, held low by his hip. She drew back, frightened, and again her eyes swept the room and fell upon me. Blindly and without hesitation she moved over to my table.

"Let me sit here, Monsieur," she begged in a low, curiously musical voice. I thought her eyes were somewhat terror-stricken.

"Of course!" I assented. "What's the trouble?"

She gave a tiny shudder. "He—that man—he has frightened me—yes, I am afraid of him. He threatens to kill me."

"What!" I said in astonishment. "Well, don't be afraid any longer! I'll see that he doesn't bother you any more."

She turned those big, swimming eyes on me,

I want to Pay You $85 a week

Man or Woman—

Send for my proposition, I pay men and women $85.00 weekly to as high as $36.00 per day for either all or spare time help. No experience necessary.

Sell PRINCESS RADIUM LINGERIE

Charming ladies lingerie and hosiery, pretty, low priced, sells on sight, actually. Miss Grace James averaged $36 a day, spare time; R. G. Thompson earned $33 in one day. You can do as well, we tell you how.

Profits in Advance

Your profits in advance, we ship and collect. You show goods and mail us the orders. Nothing in any store compares in beauty and value to "Princess Radium" lingerie and hosiery.

High Grade-Steady

Unusual opportunity for big cash quick, write for plan and exclusive territory, build a steady income for life. District managers wanted. Territorial rights going fast, don't delay, write now.

Free

Handsome photos from actual models and samples of genuine "Princess Radium" silk, free

ROBERTS-FRANK & CO.
33 Irving Park Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill. Dept. D-17

NEW LIQUID GIVES INSTANT BEAUTY TO LASHES AND BROWS

Lashbrow Liquid is a wonderful new make-up for the eyes, that is waterproof, so it won't be affected by tears, bathing or perspiration. And it won't even rub off or smear.

It is easily and evenly applied with the glass rod that comes with each package and dries instantly. Won't give a beaded effect if you don't want it to.

Lashbrow Liquid makes the lashes look long, thick and luxuriant. Well dressed, carefully groomed women everywhere are now just as particular to dress the eye lashes and brows as they are to apply powder or rouge.

Try Lashbrow Liquid today. Costs only a few cents and is on sale at all good toilet counters everywhere.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping and send it at once to Lashbrow Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 294, 417 Canal St., New York City

Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magic of a New Skin."

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 8JE, 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

DETROIT SHOW CARD STUDIOS.
808 Dinan Building Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Without further obligation please send me your FREE Illustrated Book giving full particulars how I can make $15 to $50 a week At Home in my SPARE TIME. WITHOUT CANVASSING. Also your GUARANTEE to teach me how, furnish me with WORK and pay me CASH EACH WEEK, no matter where I live.

(Print name and address)

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

I Will Give You This BIG DOLL

I want to send Mary Jane free to every little girl where this paper goes. She's sweetest and dearest Dolly you ever saw. Fully dressed, knitted cap, romper suit, stockings and slippers. Stylish bobbed hair you can comb. She winks her eye, goes to sleep and can cry out loud like a live baby. Most wonderful of all, her legs move and she walks like real. She won't break if you drop her. She'll not cost you a penny.

Solve This Puzzle Can you make out two words spelled by numbers to right? The alphabet is numbered: A is 1, B is 2 etc. What are the two words represented?

4	15	12	12
6	18	5	5

Send No Money Write the two words, send to me and I will send my big Free Dolly Offer. You can have Mary Jane free. Send answer today.

Cousin Carrie, 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 3771 Chicago, Ill.

Your Lucky Sign?

MAKE SURE of Good Luck, Happiness and Success! Mere wishes won't do! Wear your proper Zodiac Sign Ring, learn of your good points and best chances as indicated by the stars, and make the most of them!

Let Me Pick Your Ring!

I now offer all 12 Signs, the first genuine Zodiac Rings offered since the Golden Days of Ancient Persia. Vastly better and far more beautiful than the common birth-stone rings. Send me your birth date and get started RIGHT by getting your propitious sign ring. Sterling Silver $2.50. 14-Karat Solid Gold Emblem, with Platinum Finish Silver Shank, $4.50 prepaid. (15c extra if sent C. O. D.) FREE. A Thorough Reading of your Sign will be sent with your ring, also suggestions about your proper work, business, whom to marry, etc.

ASTRA KAHN, 1819 Park Row Bldg., New York

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
206 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

PIMPLES

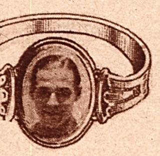
CAN BE CURED. If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W. H. WARREN, 512 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$2 Chinese Peacock Ring

Just what you want to draw attention to a pretty hand. Fashion calls for Oriental rings, particularly Peacock Designs. The loveliest creation of the silversmith's art. Sterling silver, 19 emeralds and sapphires, only $2. Gold plated on Silver $2.75. C. O. D. orders 15c extra. Send ring size (tie 'ring around finger). Return it if not delighted. Not sold in stores, but direct from ORIENT EXCHANGE, 21 Park Row, New York, Import Dept. M-2.

New Hollywood Craze!



Movie Fan's Locket Ring for displaying your favorite's photo where you can see it all day long! Or put in sweetie's picture, a butterfly, or lock of hair. Solid Sterling Silver, cut to $1.97 to introduce quickly. Send stamps or money order (15c extra if C. O. D.).

PARK ROW CO. Park Row Bldg., N.Y., Dept. MW

CUT ME OUT

I'm only a coupon, BUT if you will treat me right, I'll show you how, by becoming our representative for your locality, you can turn your spare time into money. Just sign below and mail—I'll do the rest.

Name..

Street and No...

City.................................State......................

Subscription Agents' Department
MOVIE WEEKLY
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

with their foreign and enchanting expression.

"Oh, you are good!" she stammered. "I will tell you everything. I am Olga Vassilev—a Russian. I am here, singing, for what I can get. I am saving to send for my mother. The men—they have persecuted me, but I—I have fought to keep myself good. And now this Jacques—you saw him, the man who accosted me when I finished my song?"

I nodded.

"He is the worst of all. He lives in the same house that I do—a poor house, M'sieu. And he is bad—an Apache—worse even. He swears he will have me or kill me. I am terrified. Each night I sleep in fear, waiting, waiting, for I know he is mad and will do as he says. He will kill me, M'sieu!"

She spoke in a swift, excited strain, and I was moved by her emotion. I made up my mind quickly.

"Look here!" I said. "Are you through for this evening?"

She nodded, her eyes searching my face.

"Then get your things," I said. "I'll take care of you."

Without a word she arose and glided from my side. I saw her go into the dressing room at the rear. Then I noticed the man who had annoyed her. He was peering at me from the opposite corner with his crooked smile still showing. I noticed the bitterness and intensity in his black eyes and I no longer wondered at this lonely exile's fear.

In a moment the girl was back. A kind of military cape was thrown loosely over her shoulders, and she had removed some of the rouge from her cheeks. I detected the subtle odor of chypre which she wore, and her beauty, no less than her situation, called up my emotions.

I HAD no conscious plan. I had decided to let that make itself. But at the door, after I had paid my bill, I saw a lithe figure slip out and halt. It was the Apache who had frightened her. He stood menacingly there, hiding in a bit of shadow that the awning threw on the payement. His hand had leaped suggestively to his pocket.

I did not wait. Unarmed myself, I advanced softly, and then, before he knew what had happened, I tripped him up. At the same instant I caught the Russian girl by the arm, piloted her to a cab, and jumped in after her. In an instant we were scudding down the street.

The girl did not speak, but she was breathing hard. She sat with her hands clasped, staring in front of her.

"You must get another room," I said. "You will have to find another engagement even, where this fellow cannot find you."

She made a despairing gesture. "He will find me. He will search everywhere. You do not know this man. Besides, I have no money—I cannot leave my room."

"Don't let that worry you," I answered easily. "I'll attend to that."

She drew closer to me. "You are good, M'sieu! Why are you so good to me?"

Her dark, fascinating eyes were full upon me, and in my heart I no longer blamed the Apache or any other man for desiring her. Then she turned. She gave a little cry, pointing back of us. Through the small-paned window I saw another cab following us swiftly.

"What is it?" I cried.

"It is he—it is Jacques!" she said. "I know it is he—I even caught a glimpse. Oh, I am safe nowhere!" Then, quite suddenly, she caught my hands in entreaty. "Oh, M'sieu, take me home with you! Let me stay with you! You are brave, and I am not afraid of Jacques while you are with me. And you will not take advantage of me, for I know you are chivalrous, too."

I think I gasped. "You want to come home with me?" I repeated. "But I've only a small suite in a hotel."

"Let me stay there!" she begged. "Let me have peace for once. I shall not bother you, no, not at all. You will let me have one room for myself. I will sleep anywhere, yes, on the floor itself."

"All right!" I answered in an astonished voice. "I'll take you home with me. But you shan't have to sleep on the floor, Olga. And you won't bother me, and I won't let anyone bother you."

And so again, a woman comes into the life of Hal Kent . . . and danger threatens. What happened next is told in next week's Movie Weekly

Photoplays and Stage Plays Wanted

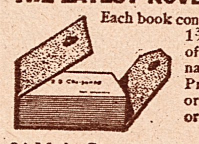
Manuscripts from amateur writers accepted

Why not have a sales representative in New York, the world's greatest literary market? We will receive suitable, high-class amateur material for marketing on a regular commission basis. Our Editorial Department, composed of writers of long studio experience, will consider the selling possibilities of your manuscript **without charge.** Send your stories or plays to us at once, and take advantage of this exceptional service.

PHOTOPLAY EXCHANGE,
296 Broadway :: Dept. E :: New York City

MIDGET NAME CARDS

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾x¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

MIDGET CARD SHOP
24 Main Street Greene, R.I.

Wanted For Movies

Ladies and gentlemen wanted to act with stars in big films to follow our past successes at the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli and other Broadway theatres. Experience unnecessary.

PREEMINENT PICTURES COMPANY
145 West 45th Street :: New York City

FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS

Dont send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticied, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no course or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION,
10 Security Bldg. Santa Monica & Western Ave. Hollywood Cal.
Pub. Popular Scenario Writer. *Send for free sample copy*

ARE YOU THIN AND WEAK

Then send for Bernarr Macfadden's treatise on the subject of weight building, entitled

"GAINING WEIGHT"

which is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. The great physical culturist tells you exactly why you are thin and then shows you the remedy. His carefully outlined instructions are devised to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. In this little book is the exact information you need.

The price of "GAINING WEIGHT" is 50 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER:

But we are giving this splendid booklet with a year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine at $3.10

Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. 2, 1926 Broadway, New York City

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

Advertisements in this column, 10 cents per word, each insertion payable in advance. Minimum 30 words. Forms close 25 days in advance of publication date.

Help Wanted—Male and Female

U. S. Government wants men—women, 18 up. Steady work. Life job. $100 to $250 month. Paid vacation. Influence unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately — now. **Franklin Institute, Dept. J-107, Rochester, N. Y.**

All men, women, boys, girls—17 to 65, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write **Mr. Ozment, 419, St. Louis, Mo.**

Correspondence Courses

Correspondence School courses only one-quarter original price. All subjects, for men or women. Free bargain catalogue 1000 courses. Used courses bought. **Students' Exchange, 47 West 42nd St., New York.**

Big money writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Tells you how to write and sell. **Writer's Digest, 815 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Business Opportunities

AGENTS: Men and women representatives wanted to take orders for Annie Blain flavoring extracts in every locality, wholesale and retail; new selling system; free samples to public and other unique methods. Address **Annie Blain Co., New Brunswick, N. J.**

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 11)

some old buccaneer, some dreaming poet, some isolated lady or some cavalier knight of whom they have probably never heard, but whose long-ago story they are re-living, none the less.

Some day, when I have time, I am going to go back over my family "tree," I believe they call it, and see if I can find the one to whom I feel most intimately related. Then I shall, no doubt, understand myself as I have not been able to do thus far. To know one's self, thoroughly, finally, in every way, what more complete education could one possibly desire?

But I must get back. After all, I am supposed to be recording events and not the random thoughts that come to me now and then. Still, thoughts are more fascinating than actions, after all. Thoughts give birth to actions and are, in turn, the offspring of the deeds we do.

Natacha was reading my diary . . . now and then a smile would cross her face . . . I knew she knew what I had been thinking when I wrote such and such a thing . . . women have intimate knowledge of the thoughts of men . . . they read us like so many volumes, each bound in our different way . . . we are like children to women . . . to women who love us . . . they indulge us . . . reprimand us . . . and always, always see through us . . .

"Have I omitted anything?" I asked Natacha, "Left anything out, you think?"

"From the amount of scribbling you have done since we left, Rudy," Natacha smiled, "it would seem to me to be impossible for you to have omitted anything. You *may* have left out a thought or so, but"—Natacha indicated with a wave of the hand that that seemed to her to be unlikely—"but," she repeated, "you *have* left out any mention of meeting Andre Daven in Paris. Don't you think you ought to put him in the next time you write in your diary? He may figure in later events, you know, and then you will wish that you had recorded his—inception—shall I say?"

I told Natacha she was right. Odd, that I should have omitted one of the most interesting events of our Paris stay.

While we were in Paris, among the interviewers who came to see me, was a young man named Andre Daven.

The minute he came into the room I spotted him as a "type." I am constantly on the look-out for types, because I know them to be so very important to the screen, to each individual picture.

Young Daven is an extraordinarily good-looking chap, of my own country, with amazing eyes, fine physique and general bearing out of the ordinary and of a compelling attraction.

Natacha says that this is one trait of mine quite out of the common in men. Almost any man can "spot" a beautiful woman, or an extraordinary type of woman. Unique. Individual. Unusual. But very few men, so Natacha tells me, can recognize the unusual or attractive in another man. Perhaps it is because we men are not looking for attractiveness in other men. Men take other men a great deal for granted, I find. Hail-fellow-well-met, and if that element is there the personal appearance does not count for a very great deal. But I *am* different in that respect. Perhaps it is because I have so long been interested in the casting of pictures, in which men figure almost as prominently as women. I have watched other men rise in screen fame, Barthelmess, Novarro, Glenn Hunter, chaps like that, and, of course, have given some thought to the part type plays in a man's screen success.

For myself, for instance, I know that my foreign blood showing in my face and bearing has a great deal to do with the kind reception I had by the American public. The Anglo-Saxon has a distinct "flair" for the Latin. It is the call of strangeness. The allure of the alien. The call of the unknown. The pique of interest in what we are not ourselves.

Pondering over all of this has made me acute in the observation of my fellow-men as well as my fellow-women. So that, now, it has become almost an instinct with me. My mind automatically discards screen undesirables, and as automatically and instantaneously recognizes and seizes upon the potential film material. "Film fodder" instead of "cannon fodder," if I may employ a slight vulgarism.

Perhaps judging so many contests has been part

DHASSI—Author, lecturer and student of Astrology is only 29 years old. His life has been so crammed with adventure and travel that he has material for many books without stirring out of his studio again. As a Lieutenant in the army for the cause of the Allies he was wounded twice. Since his return from abroad he is devoting all his time in this country to the study of Astrology. He brings a message of good cheer to his many friends far and near.

DHASSI
Will Tell You
FREE

WOULD you like to know under which Zodiac Sign you were born, and what significance it has in shaping the destiny of your life?

A number of interesting facts are forced upon our attention as we view the planets and interpret their meaning thru Astrology.

I am constantly getting letters from people everywhere on this most popular movement and I have a pleasant surprise for all who write me.

Are You Lucky?

IN LOVE
MARRIAGE
FRIENDS
INHERITANCE
SUCCESS
POPULARITY

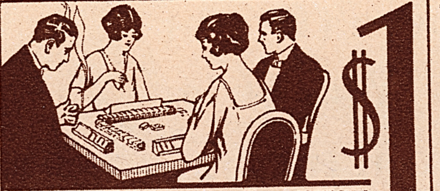
Astrology Has Predicted Events 4000 Years

SEND BIRTH DATE I have made astrology my life work and offer to tell you the most interesting interpretations of the Zodiac Sign under which you were born.

Just send the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting and astrological interpretation, written in simple language will be sent you in plain envelope securely sealed and post paid. A great surprise awaits you.

Please PRINT your name and do not fail to send your birth date, so as to avoid delay. Enclose 12 cents to cover cost of this notice and postage. Address me personally—DHASSI.

TARA STUDIO, 1133 Broadway Dept. 112 New York



MAH JONG SET

in brilliant colors, 144 Tiles, 116 Counters, Racks, Dice, Patented, Perpetual, Magic Mah Jong Score Card, complete with instructions and rules, all in attractive box, sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. (Canada 25 cents extra.) *The most remarkable value ever offered for this fascinating, interesting game.*

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., Desk 51,
110 West 40th Street New York City

Marvo BRINGS BEAUTY LIKE MAGIC

by removing the outer blemished skin, thus allowing NATURE to bring forth a NEW SKIN as clear as a baby's. If you are troubled with surface blemishes, such as Freckles, Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Eczema, discolorations, etc., MARVO will take them off, together with your aged skin, in an absolutely Harmless and Painless way, without the need of a costly and painful operation. No need to stay indoors while using MARVO. The genuine MARVO is colorless, pleasant to use and guaranteed to contain no injurious acids. Wonderful results proven. Write at once for FREE Marvo Beauty Book, which contains full particulars.

MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 297, 1658 Broadway, N. Y.

WEAR THIS MARVELOUS "RABON" RING 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE YOU RISK NOTHING

and if your friends or even you yourself can tell it from a genuine diamond, send it back. "*Rabon*" diamonds look exactly like genuine, place a "*Rabon*" and a genuine diamond together, see if you can tell them apart. They have the same fiery blue white appearance as the genuine diamond, the same sparkling dazzling, rainbow brilliancy and are actually alive with fire. "*Rabon*" diamonds almost defy the life time diamond expert. Neither science nor man has ever created anything more realistic. Give "*Rabon*" the same test you would a genuine diamond. Prove to yourself its amazing qualities.

No. 4 and 9 mounted in 14 karat gold shell. No. 2 mounted in 18 karat green gold finish. No. 1, 7 and 10 massive platinum effect, all 1 karat size, blue white absolutely perfect. No. 10 2 karat size.

Mountings are exact duplicates of latest style original genuine creations. Unconditionally guaranteed for twenty years.

SEND NO MONEY. Send size shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around your finger. When ring arrives by return mail, deposit with the postman the amount shown here and if you are not more than delighted or decide not to keep it within 10 days, send it back, we guarantee to refund your money immediately. **Remember you take no risk.**

SPECIAL OFFER To introduce the amazing "*Rabon*" Diamond we will send *absolutely free* your choice of solid gold front cuff links or solid gold mounted scarf pin to those ordering two rings or more. This offer holds good for a limited time only.

THE RABON CO., 12 E. 22nd St., Dept. 58 New York

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you FREE

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

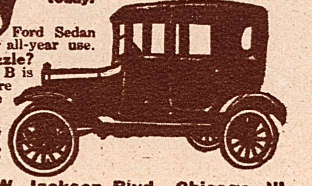
Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, inclose twelve cents (coin preferred) and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print correct name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. MK, New York

Sedan Given Away

You Can Win a Sedan
Surely you want this latest model Ford Sedan. Write me today.



We have given away many Autos. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan completely equipped, delivered freight and tax paid. The ideal car for all-year use.

19	5	4	1	14	7	9	22	5	14

Can You Solve This Puzzle? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What two words are represented by the figures? (19 is letter S). SEND NO MONEY—just write the two words and your name and address. Be first—write today.

Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Watches, etc., and hundreds of dollars in cash. EVERYBODY WINS! Nothing difficult to do; all can share in Cash and Prizes. You can win the Sedan and bring to you and your loved-ones the joys only a Sedan can give. SEND YOUR ANSWER TODAY and try for this Sedan.

M. L. BOEING, Mgr. Dept. 2524 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

What is Going to Happen to You?

Do you fear what the future has in store for you? Are you constantly worried that something dreadful is going to happen? Stop worrying. **Learn what the stars predict.** The ancient science of **astrology** reveals all. Simply send in your name and address and I will interpret the Zodiac sign you were born under. Be sure to state the exact day, month and year of your birth in your own hand writing. Enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing and postage. Your astrological reading will be sent you written in plain language, mailed sealed, postpaid. **You will be overjoyed with the good news.** Don't wait, send birth date and 10c NOW.

VIRGO WILL TELL YOU FREE

VIRGO STUDIO, 38 Howard St., New York, Dept. 505

Your Age Doesn't Count Let Us Show You How to Increase Your Income

You needn't even tell us how old you are, if you don't want to. But we do want to know if you are ambitious to increase your income.

You might be fifteen, twenty-five, or fifty years old—you might be a girl or boy—a man or woman—and we would still be interested in one thing only—do you want more money?

We are looking for people who are not satisfied with the money they now have—people who believe in themselves and their ability to eventually make enough to more than meet their current expenses. There is a place on our staff for a person like this. Can you fill the bill? Then fill out the coupon and get it in the mails at once. We can give you either full time or spare-time work.

Agents' Department, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can make money through your plan. If your proposition is right, I shall be glad to join your staff of Subscription Agents and represent you in my locality.

Name..

Street and Number..........................

City.......................... State...................

of my training. I would make a fine casting director if I were not an actor—and if I did not have a wife with even acuter and finer capabilities than mine in this particular field.

At any rate, this day in Paris several days ago, I was sitting in our suite awaiting the interviewers.

Some six or seven came in together and there were photographers and one or two other people about.

Immediately Andre Daven entered, I "spotted" him, as they say in New York. And I was not wrong, I had confirmation of that, by the fact that Natacha's eyes met mine on the instant and we nodded as if to say, "Ah, you recognize him, too . . ."

I began to interview, instead of being interviewed.

I asked him his name, his occupation, his ambitions and various other questions of a like nature, which doubtless took him considerably by surprise, seeing as he had come to do the same thing to me.

He told me his name, and said that he was writing for "Bonsoir," "Theatre et Comedia Illustre," and the "Paris Journal."

I immediately came back at him with the suggestion that he go into pictures.

He replied that it was unthinkable, that *he* couldn't think of it, that it was kind of me to be interested, but that he couldn't see it that way at all.

My obstinacy was aroused, along with my rising belief in young Daven as a screen possibility. I set out to convince him that he should give up the art of writing for the art of the screen.

I told him my own plans and assured him that if he would accompany me back to the United States upon my return, I would give him a part in my next picture, whatever it might be. I told him that I was hoping to do "Monsieur Beaucaire," and that if I did, there would certainly be a good part in it for him. At least one that would put him on terra firma and not leave him to the desolate fate of an extra's beginning.

I had to talk a long while. I don't suppose any other screen beginner in the annals of the screen ever had to have so much pressure brought to bear upon him, (or her) as did the "distrait" Monsieur Daven. But he finally gave me his word that he would be with me when I should set sail for America again, and even, before he left, began to wax enthusiastic about a screen career. He asked me so many questions that he went away as well informed on technique and the allied arts as I could make him, out of my own knowledge.

I LEFT him beginning his study of English, plus his study of all phases of screen art with as much assiduity as he had formerly been against it. That is an advantage the student has over the dilettante. They will master a subject or an art—students will, I mean. And a *master is always a superior*. He holds the whip hand.

Natacha said she thought I had left out very little else, save for a description of one or two theatres, but if they did not impress me, why should I have recorded them? After all, I want to mark the shining hours (as the sun dials say) and the dull moments may as well be consigned to the fortuitous oblivion of the mind. Freud claims that nothing is forgotten; that all things go into the waste basket of the subconscious mind, eventually to come to light again. Especially if one is psycho-analyzed. But I think I shall never be psycho-analyzed. I have no inhibitions that I know of. I have neither neuroses nor complexes. And if I have I do not suffer from them. Sufficient unto the day . . .

Enough of the realm of thought . . . I extricate myself with some difficulty from this musing in the sun . . . a place in the sun . . . a place in the sun. I have always rather loved the sound of that phrase—it seems to me to sum up in a few words the ultimate philosophy of happiness and peace. What could, after all, be more desirable? Not castle walls nor turreted mansions nor the velvet-shod ways of the rich . . . a place in the sun is the birthright of every man and every woman . . . it is the heritage of the race . . . and each of us could gain it if he would but keep it in mind and hope as a grail and a goal . . .

Today we were packing again for the onward move.

It has been a pleasant interlude. Natacha has got rested again, I think, and, though I dare not say so, I am again ready for the spinning race on one, two or three wheels, as the speed laws will permit.

Natacha and Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut and Auntie,

who is again to accompany us on the rest of our journey, have severally extracted promises from me to have some respect for our necks if none for the laws of gravitation, and I have given those promises with sternly compressed lips, drawn brows and utter solemnity. But what is a man to do when the dream of speed possesses him . . . ah, then . . .

Tomorrow we shall be on our way. We had planned to get away today, but what with drowsing in the sun and listening to Mr. Hudnut's plea that we remain over one more day . . . and being nothing loath to do so . . . we are still here tonight . . . tomorrow we go . . . Italy!

Back to his old home town of Castellaneta, Italy goes Rudy, now a famous screen star. Read how his fellow countrymen greeted him, in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

The Home Life of Hollywood Screen Stars

(*Continued from page* 15)

Why, sure it was, Barbara said. He liked it. He always went right back to sleep.

From all of which you will realize that Barbara is not only a good housekeeper—but, what is far more, she is a good home-maker!

"Being a home-maker is so much more important than just being a housekeeper," she said, with her sweet smile. "You can be a good housekeeper and drive your family away. But if you are a good home-maker, they will all want to remain right at home, and that's what I want to achieve—a real home, not just a hotel with a thousand rules for making everybody uncomfortable."

Did she, I asked, pay attention to the market prices of things and such things as that?

Well, yes, she did, to a certain extent she said. "When I'm not working in a picture, I look up these matters, look over my bills and accounts, and see that everything is straight. I have some French blood in me, and this makes me a bit thrifty," explained Barbara. "I'm not especially good at figures, but I don't like being cheated. But my cook, as I said before, is a careful soul, and she gets madder than I do if anybody tries to impose upon me.

"I cannot sew, and my little boy's nurse has to look after my things. She does this very deftly, and I never have to worry about missing buttons and that sort of thing.

"When I am away on location, I always take my little boy and his nurse along when I can: I mean on the long location trips. The little fellow just loves it, too! He's an awfully good sport—never cries as long as there is anything to see.

"DESPITE I'm supposed to be the wickedest kind of a vamp, we live a very quiet, orderly life, my husband, baby and I. We go out very little. We have our music, the piano and phonograph, and I have my books. Jack likes to study. Then, too, when we are working, and have to arise at from 5:30 to 7 in the morning, there's not much fun in going out at night. Both of us had enough of late hours when we were on the stage and are glad to keep reasonable hours. Often ten o'clock sees us in bed and asleep. For, of course, both of us must keep our looks, and only sleep in the early hours of the night will do that for us.

"Did you say I'm a good home-maker? I'd rather hear that than anything! Don't you think any woman would?"

What, I asked Miss La Marr, did she like for breakfast?

"Oh," she answered, "a little fruit; sometimes toast with an egg and some coffee. A very little suffices me, and I eat a very little lunch, too. I like dinner at night, when all the work of the day is off my mind. If I eat much before I work, my brain is not so clear. But fat comes with sleep, so one must be careful of dinner, too. A bit of meat, a salad, toast, sometimes a piece of cake or an ice, suffice.

"For daily exercise I do some dancing stunts in the morning when I have time, and I nearly always do a set of exercises I have evolved after a long series of experiences. They suit me. Everybody has to judge what exercises she needs and which benefit her most.

"I really think that the actress who lives at home, no matter what the difficulties and expense of housekeeping may be, is the better off in the long run. She can keep more regular hours, she can have her music when she likes; she can read and relax; she can have her sleeping porch for the hot nights, she can be out of doors in her garden or on her veranda—I tell you what, when I get home at night, I love my soft slippers and my negligee; and often, when I go out on the porch after dinner, as the heroine in the Browning poem says:

"'My soul unfurled itself—a long-cramped scrool—
Freshening and fluttering in the breeze!'"

Hollywood Directors Jealous Of Lubitsch

(*Continued from page* 13)

and for no other reason under the sun, are their inferiors.

The foreign gentlemen, under malignment, are taking the wisest course and saying nothing. The anonymity of the opposition makes it incumbent upon them to say nothing. But should the complainants emerge from cover and voice their protests openly, which is extremely unlikely, it is difficult to surmise what their course would then be.

The thought at the back of the protesting directors' minds is that they can make things so uncomfortable for the foreigners that they will quit in disgust and scurry back to their more cordial homelands.

Such a "hope," I am certain, is assinine. Men like Lubitsch and Seastrom are impervious to the pin-prick wounds of petty buzzing flies. Besides, the lure of the American dollar and the artistic opportunities which it can provide, is strong. And the great film public knows that they can ill be spared.

The Land of the Indoor Sun

(*Continued from page* 12)

straggle thin rays of sunlight.

"Huh," you would probably say in your wise-fan manner, "that wasn't taken in Paris." Almost anyone knows that. But would it occur to you that those out-door scenes were not even "exteriors"? That they were taken right in the studio?

And take "Little Old New York." Remember Bowling Green, the quaint old New York square, through which Paddy was led by the angry mob after the fight with the Hoboken Terror? Remember all those outdoor scenes, in fact? Everyone of them was taken in a big armory in Brooklyn where a miniature village was built for the filming of this picture. And forty arc lights substituted for the sun.

They don't merely make the sun shine in the movies. Sometimes it's moonlight they want—and moonlight they get. Sometimes it's twilight or a fog or the diffused light of a cloudy day. The arc lights can be adjusted for anything; and so expert are the electricians who handle them that they can supply moonlight or twilight at will. Or they can get the effect of sunbeams shining through a slit of a window, as in "The Humming Bird."

ON location, these high powered lights have another function all their own. Once they were trained upon the dark recesses of an old American fort, supposed, in the picture, to be an old French prison. Again, in a night storm at sea, the arc lights had to be manipulated very skilfully. They had to be so adjusted as to illuminate the scene on deck for the camera, and yet preserve the illusion of a dark and stormy night.

Used on location in this way, the arc lights are provided with a light plant all their own—a portable lighting system housed in a capacious truck. It generates all the electric current required for the indoor sun on outdoor duty. The arc is of three hundred million candle power and consumes 150 amperes of electrical current.

All this adaptable light was evolved by engineers of the General Electric Company and it has proved a great blessing to the movies. Many a star has had her smiles glorified by these lusty fellows who reinforce the Cooper-Hewitts on occasion, and make the stars shine brighter.

DIMPLES!

"Jane, dear, do you remember how unhappy I was at school? None of the boys noticed me, and oh, I was so lonesome! Then one day I saw the ad for the Famous DOLLY DIMPLER, and at once I thought how popular girls with dimples always are. I answered the ad, and in a very short time I had the dandiest dimples. Everyone said how much prettier I was—but the most fun was when the boys began to notice me. Now I haven't a chance to get lonesome, nor do I have to sit by and simply envy the other girls who have dimples."

DOLLY DIMPLER—"Many of the noted film stars get their dimples the DOLLY DIMPLER way—that's the secret of their charm. And you can have them, too. Just use the coupon below and send $1.00 for everything, mailed sealed in plain wrapper. Results guaranteed—and it is as easy as it is harmless to use. Don't wait a minute longer, Jane, and you will never regret it as long as you live."

DOLLY DIMPLER CO., Dept. U,
247 McDaniel Street, Dayton, Ohio.
Herewith find $1.00 for the famous DOLLY DIMPLER, with full instructions for use.

Name...

Address...

Gray Hair

Restored To Its *Original* Color Without Dyeing

No longer need you let gray hair handicap your social and business progress. Amazing discovery—Graolene—a clean, colorless liquid, restores your hair to color it was before it turned gray. Is not a dye! Is applied to scalp, not to the hair. Penetrates coloring cells and supplies missing pigmentation. Restores exact original color so naturally and skillfully, so gradually, that your friends will not notice the change. Does not streak or crack the hair. Color will not wash off. Same colorless liquid used for all cases. No samples of your hair needed.

Graolene also acts as tonic for the scalp. Overcomes dandruff. Encourages growth of luxuriant, lustrous, natural colored hair Thousands have used Graolene successfully. Write today for Trial Bottle.

Send No Money

Don't send a penny—just your name and address. On arrival of Graolene in plain package, deposit with the postman only $1.45 plus a few pennies for postage. Then use Graolene according to directions. If you are not delighted with the results, return the empty bottle and your money will be refunded at once. Satisfaction Guaranteed! You don't risk a penny—so send TODAY.

Sprague, Kitchen Co., 7109 N. Clark St., Dept. 2524, Chicago, Ill.

FRECKLES

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slighest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

MAH JONG SET, $1

Complete with 136 tiles, racks and dice.

Complete rules and directions
All the fun of a $5 set. Why pay more?
Cash with order or C. O. D.
ECONOMY SERVICE COMPANY
322 Hennepin Dept. U Minneapolis, Minn.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose in a Week?

If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely Free. Do Not Send Any Money—just your name and address to
THE BAYNE COMPANY
515 Coca Cola Building :: Kansas City, Mo.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW? if ALL your wishes will come true. This HINDU CRYSTAL BALL is a mystical, fascinating, interesting game. Answers ANY question. Gives information regarding Love, Marriage, Wealth, Luck and the Future.
Two Sizes, $2.00 or $3.00
Pay Postman or Send Money
CRYSTAL BALL CO.
949 B'wy N.Y.C, Dept. 50

Wonderful Talking and Walking Doll Free

HELLO GIRLS!

"My name is Polly Ann. What's your name?

"I'd like to get acquainted with you and come and live at your house. Would you like to have me? We would play all day long and have ever so much fun. Please want me.

"I'm a big talking and walking doll. I'm over a foot tall.; I can say 'Mama' and if you hold me I will walk with you. My eyes close and go to sleep when you lay me down. My hair is bobbed and you can comb it like a real baby's.

"When I come to you I am dressed in a pretty romper suit with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings; but when we go visiting you can dress me in party clothes. I think you will like me best dressed in my rompers all ready to play with you.

"If you want me to come and be your own dolly, be sure to write Aunt Tillie. Do this for me today. Please do."

We have already given away thousands of dolls. Now we will send this big beautiful doll free to advertise our business—a favor you can easily do. Write me today.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE | 16 | 15 | 12 | 12 | 25 | 1 | 14 | 14 |

What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. Can you make out the two words? Send your answer today.

Send No Money Not a penny of your money is wanted now or later. Just write your answer to the puzzle and send your name and address. I will at once send you our Big Free Doll Offer. You can soon have Polly Ann. Send your answer today.

AUNT TILLIE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 2524, Chicago, Ill.

The two words are.................................Please send at once your Big Free Doll Offer. (Write plainly.)

Name ....

Address ....

OVER A FOOT TALL

She Talks and Walks and Sleeps

You Should Know the Truth!

I will tell FREE

What are your chances in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success — under which zodiac sign were you born?

ASTROLOGY, the most ancient science of history, indicates all.

SOLAR will tell you FREE whether you were born under a lucky star and will give you the most accurate astrological interpretation of your zodiac sign. Send **immediately** your name and birth date in your own handwriting, and to cover the cost of this notice and postage ENCLOSE TEN CENTS (stamps or coin) also exact name and address. There will then be sent you securely sealed and postpaid your astrological interpretation, plainly written and understood. **A great surprise awaits you!** Do not fail to send birth date and ten cents. Print name and address to avoid delay. WRITE TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY.

Send Birth Date

SOLAR STUDIO, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. 189

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose!

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but yoy will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My newest greatly improved superior *Nose Shaper*, "Trados Model 25" U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers and surpasses all my previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my fifteen years of studying and manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your disposal, whichguarantee youentiresatisfactionandaperfectlyshapednose.

(Above illustration represents my "Trade Mark" and shows my first and oldest Nose Shaper. It is not a replica of my latest superior Model No 25.)

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist **1977 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.**

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our free examination and advice. **Previous experience unnecessary.** This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet

"THE PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING"

Sent free for the asking.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS

Suite 602-M, Bristol Building New York, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars
64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and scrawney and would like to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the genuine Hilton's Vitamines absolutely FREE. Do not send any money —just your name and address to

W. W. HILTON,
115 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

What Our Readers Think of Us

(Continued from page 22)

Now I think Mr. Vandercook's criticisms a big help toward the elimination by the movie fans of stories that are poor, and if they follow his advice they cannot go wrong.

Altogether, I think Movie Weekly the best little magazine on the newsstands today. It has the cause of the movie industry as its foundation and should have the backing of all fans, actors, directors, writers of scenarios, producers and those who like to see the game played, and played fair.

Only one thing I would like to see published in your magazine; it would be of advantage to us student writers of the photoplay if you could have a department on "Hints to Scenario Writers."

If the above request is granted, Movie Weekly's valuation will materially increase—at least for some of us!

FREDERICK HOWARD PAINE.

By Divine Right

(Continued from page 20)

A tremendous force invaded Farrol. He steeled himself as by a mighty effort of the will and sent forth a psychic call to the father of the child. Wherever he was, he would hear, Farrol knew, and he would come.

And he was right, for Trent *heard*. Alone with Mildred in her room the politician saw suddenly the apparition of Farrol appear before him and he recognized its meaning. With a hoarse cry of "ghost!" he fled from the room.

Little Gladys had barely recovered consciousness when her father returned. But as his arms went around her the color came back into her face and she sighed happily.

"Daddy!" was all she could whisper.

After a time Trent raised his eyes to Farrol and said simply: "Well, I came."

Farrol met his gaze calmly.

"I sent for you," he replied quietly.

Trent stood erect and walked to the window. A battle was taking place in the man's soul, it was evident, and Farrol calmly awaited the outcome. Suddenly Trent turned.

"Hang it all, man!" he blurted. "What is the matter with me? What's wrong with me? What's *been* wrong with me?"

Farrol met his fiercely fixed eyes with a gaze of untroubled quiet.

"Nothing," he returned softly, "is wrong—*now*."

And then to Trent's bewildered gaze, he answered, "You have been born anew, man—by divine right!"

A moment later the huge shoulders of the politician were shaken by long, convulsive sobs. Farrol turned quietly and left the room.

FARROL lost no time the following morning in seeking Mildred out. He felt that his task now in redeeming Trent from the forces that formerly had claimed him was complete, and that he could devote himself, for a time, at least, to the girl who now had come to mean more to him than anything else in life. He left his lodgings early and arrived at the mission, where Mildred was employed, at about the time she arrived for the day.

He was there waiting for her as she came in and her eyes brightened gladly at sight of him.

"Austin!" she cried breathlessly. It was the first time she had ever called him by his first name. He told her briefly of what had happened the night before and she listened with marveling eyes. After hearing his story, she forebore to tell him of Trent's call on her on the preceding evening.

"And you—you really changed him, you think?" she asked Farrol, wonderingly.

"*I* didn't," the former Prince of the Ghetto answered gently. "God did, Mildred," and he took her hand.

The eyes of the girl rose adoringly to the face of the man she worshipped. He drew her close to him and his lips for the first time met hers.

Life for both of them held a splendid promise.

THE END.

Broadway's newest and jazziest

SONG *and* DANCE HITS!

16 Wonderful Selections on Eight Full Size 10 Inch Double Face RECORDS

$2.98 Only For all Sixteen

250,000 MUSIC LOVERS OWN "NATIONAL" RECORDS

Here are just a few examples of what they say about them. Names furnished on request.

"Records like yours are worth as much as $1.00 apiece here."

"Worth twice the price paid for them."

"Can only say 'they can't be beat.'"

"Worth the price asked many times over."

"I was simply delighted with the Dance Set."

"Don't see how you do it for such a low price."

"I would rather have your records than any other."

"They far exceed my expectations."

"Did not expect to get such records for the small amount of money that I paid."

"I wish another set immediately; in fact, I think you might send a third set for still another friend."

"My friends think they are the best records they ever heard."

These Irresistible New Fox Trots

- The One I Love
- Hula Lou
- Raggedy Ann
- Say It Again
- Song of the Volga Boatmen
- Someone Loves You after All
- So This Is Venice
- Somewhere in the World

These Great New Song Successes

- It's a Man Ev'ry Time, It's a Man
- Linger Awhile
- Mr. Radio Man
- California (Here I Come)
- Dream Daddy
- Whose Izzy Is He

These Wonderful New Waltzes

- Serenade
- Marcheta

Quality Guaranteed

Here is the greatest bargain in phonograph records ever offered! A complete library of the latest and biggest hits in the music world today. 16 wonderful selections—the most popular songs, fox trots and waltzes of today—played by superb orchestras, sung by accomplished artists. Here are the tunes all Broadway is singing and dancing to RIGHT NOW. They are taking the whole country by storm—you hear them whistled and played everywhere.

And YOU can have the complete collection—the entire 16 selections, on 8 double-face, full-size 10-inch records—ALL for the astoundingly low price of only $2.98. Every record is brand new and guaranteed finest quality.

Send No Money 10 Days Trial

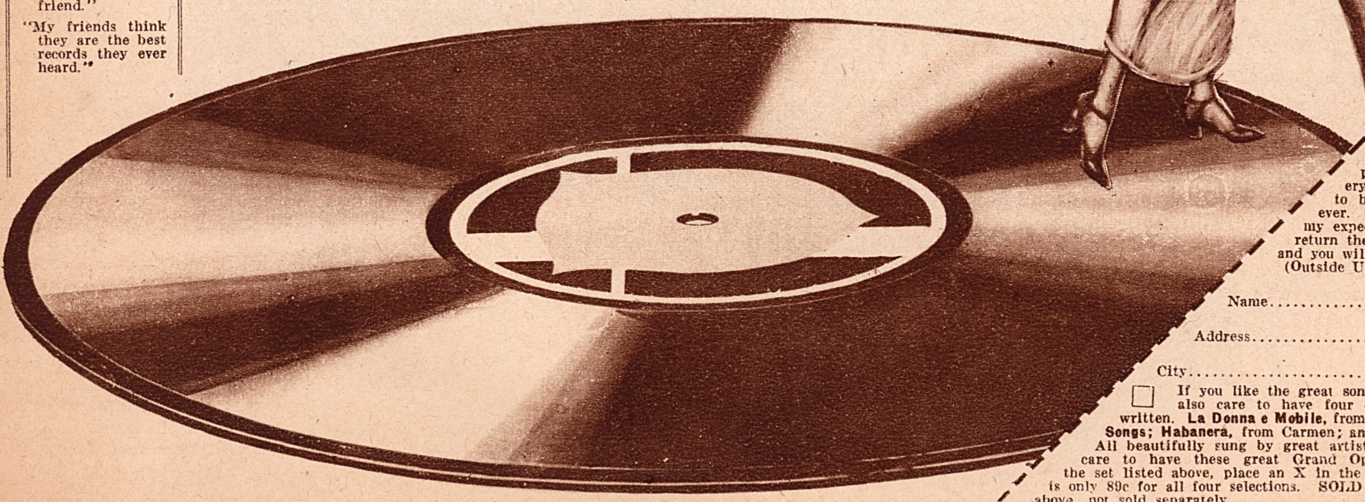
Decide for yourself whether you ever received better records AT ANY PRICE. Try all sixteen selections in your own home for 10 days. Compare the beauty of recording, the clearness of tone, the catchiness of the music, the volume of music. See how smooth, well-made and durable these records are.

Like thousands of other music lovers all over the country, you will say this is the greatest record bargain you ever heard of! Quantity production, and selling only in set direct-from-factory-to-you; that is the whole secret of our low price.

But prove to yourself that this sensational offer is even more than you expected. Send no money now. Just mail the coupon or a letter. When the postman delivers the records, give him only $2.98, plus the few cents delivery charges. Then play them on your phonograph. If not absolutely satisfied in every way, return them in ten days and every penny you have paid will be refunded **immediately**, including postage both ways. You do not risk a penny. This offer may never be repeated, so mail the coupon at once and get this whole wonderful library of Broadway's latest hits. Invite your friends in for delightful evenings; listen to the irresistible jazz songs that are captivating theatre audiences everywhere; dance to the up-to-the-minute fox trots and waltzes.

The coupon brings you a world of entertainment. Mail it NOW.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.,
218 WEST 40th STREET Dept. 2893 NEW YORK CITY



National Music Lovers, Inc., Dept. 2893, 218 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me for 10 days' trial, your collection of 16 very latest songs, fox trots, and waltzes on eight double-face ten-inch records, guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.
(Outside U. S., $3.75 cash with order.)

Name..

Address..

City..............................State..................

☐ If you like the great songs from Grand Opera, you may also care to have four of the most popular airs ever written. **La Donna e Mobile,** from Rigoletto; **Medley of Pinafore Songs; Habanera,** from Carmen; and **Soldiers' Chorus,** from Faust. All beautifully sung by great artists, with full orchestra. If you care to have these great Grand Opera Songs in ADDITION to the set listed above, place an X in the square at the left. The price is only 89c for all four selections. SOLD ONLY with the set advertised above not sold separately.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

10 Important Features
of Bird & Son's Neponset Rugs!

1—Unusually beautiful and exclusive designs.
2—Extra flexibility and strength.
3—RED WAX BASE prevents rugs from sticking to floors.
4—Made in one piece—lie absolutely flat—no tacking or cementing.
5—Sun-proof colors.
6—Richly glossed, baked enamel finish.
7—Felt Base Neponset Rugs cost less and are guaranteed.
8—Guaranteed water-proof, stain-proof, rot-proof.
9—Easily cleaned with damp mop. No scrubbing.
10—Double guarantee of quality.

Red Wax Base
This is a very important exclusive feature of Bird & Son's Neponset Rugs. The base is of red wax (not painted as on similar products) which prevents the rug from sticking to your floor and makes it absolutely water-proof, rot-proof, and insures the most lasting service. The most durable rug of its kind.

Double Guarantee
The maker guarantees these rugs to be free from manufacturing defects, and assures perfect satisfaction to every purchaser. Hartman guarantees them to be exactly as represented in this advertisement.
If not entirely satisfied after 30 days' free trial, return the rugs and your money will be refunded.

NO MONEY DOWN

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay for Rug on Arrival

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this wonderful 9x12 ft., full room size, Bird & Son's Felt Base Neponset Rug. Pay nothing for rug on arrival. No C.O.D. *Use it 30 Days on Free Trial,* and if not satisfied send it back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. **If you keep the rug, take nearly a year to pay**—a little every month while you are using it. Don't miss this special bargain offer. Send the coupon today.

9x12 Ft. Genuine **Neponset Rug** ***Seamless—Waterproof***

Only by seeing this splendid rug can you realize what a bargain Hartman offers you. Put it on your floor and see the superb floral pattern—an exclusive Bird & Son's Neponset Rug design. Has beautiful colorings; background is rich blue with design in red, green and tan exquisitely blended. Border has light tan background with harmonizing pattern. Then examine the fine, flexible material and the **red wax base** which makes the rug **sanitary, sun-proof, stain-proof and water-proof. Will not shrink,** no matter how often it is washed. Also note that **it is made in one piece and lies flat** without tacking or cementing. Take advantage of the *30 days' free trial* to prove what a beauty it is and what an unparalleled bargain. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW!

Order by No. 34FMA35. Bargain Price, $16.85. No Money Down. Pay $2.00 Monthly.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6472 — CHICAGO

Copyright, 1924, by Hartman's, Chicago

The Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

FREE No-Money-Down Bargain Catalog

Most complete book of its kind ever issued. Over 300 pages (68 pages are in actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in **Furniture, carpets, rugs, sewing machines, silverware; also farm implements, accessories, etc. No money down. 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly terms. Opening an account with us is like opening a charge account at your local store, but you have nearly a year to pay at Hartman's. Ask for Catalog No. E 6472**

Free Gifts This book explains all about Hartman's wonderful gift plan which brings you many splendid articles, such as glassware, dishes, silverware, toilet sets, jewelry, table linens, etc., absolutely FREE with purchases. Postal brings this big free catalog today. Write for it NOW.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

TAKE NEARLY A YEAR TO PAY

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 6472 — Chicago, Ill.

Send the
9x12 ft. Genuine Neponset Seamless Rug No. 34FMA35, Price $16.85,
as described. I am to pay nothing for rug on arrival—only the small transportation charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will ship rug back and you will pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep it, I will send you $2.00 monthly until full price of rug, $16.85, is paid. Title remains with you until paid in full.

Name..

R. F. D., Box No.
or Street and No. ....

Town.............................. State..............

Occupation of Head of Household......................

This No Money Down Offer Special to Readers of Movie Weekly—This Issue Only

THE SORT OF MAN I COULD LOVE by CLARA BOW

Movie Weekly

April 5, 1924

10¢

Why Directors are Jealous of Lubitsch

"All Women are Born Actresses!" says Elsie Ferguson

Barbara La Marr

Photo by RUSSELL BALL

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026